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GEOGRAPHICAL

MAGAZINE



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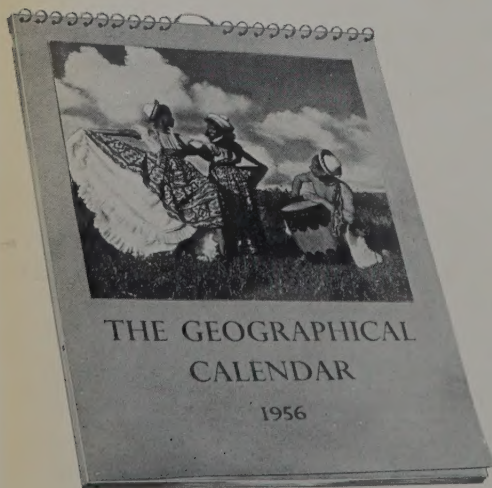
GEOGRAPHICAL CALENDAR

which was published for the first time last Autumn with such success.

Other pages will show Colour Plates of life and landscape in South Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, Yugoslavia, Pakistan, Bali, England and Scotland. The twelve plates, one per Calendar month, have been chosen not only for their photographic merit, but for their geographical variety. In addition, the separate cover reproduces a magnificent colour picture of Calypso Dancers in Trinidad.

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Highland Dancing and Highland Dress

by ALBERT MACKIE

The following article brings out many points of interest, some widely misapprehended, as to the true character of the Highland dances; the origin of the Highland dress, especially the kilt, in its present form; the date and manner of its acceptance as a Scottish national dress; the tradition which weds it to the national dances; and the efforts which are being made to regulate its use at the Highland games and competitions conducted by Caledonian societies in many parts of the world

ROBERT BURNS, the national poet of Scotland, writing words to a popular dance tune, "The Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman," mentioned some of the variety of Scottish dances which were current in his day:

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,

There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er came to the land

Was "The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman".

Reels, hornpipes, jigs and strathspeys—these were the lively types of dances beloved of the Scottish people, and although some of these dances have come and gone a fair variety remain, and recently there has been a spirited and successful revival of the reels and strathspeys.

The eightsome reel, danced by four couples in a ring to the rapid reel time, sometimes to the accompaniment of the bagpipes, but, if indoors, more often to a string and reed or a string and accordion band, has endured more universally than the other traditional dances. In the industrial towns of the Lowlands it has tended to lose its grace and exaggerate its wildness, but the missionary work of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society is gradually bringing it back to the more dignified (and less exhausting) manner in which Highlanders prefer to dance it.

Scottish country dancing, which is largely Highland in style and which is most effective when the men wear Highland costume, is lively and vigorous, but the wild antics of the Lowlanders in the eightsome are a caricature of the tradition. It is as if the old Lowland attitude to the Highlanders as "wild Scots" persisted and was expressed in a travesty of the "savage" dancing of the men from the Roughbounds.

At Highland balls, it is traditional to follow the eightsome reel immediately with a foursome reel, which begins in strathspey time, then switches suddenly into the swifter reel time. Thus it is almost in the tradition

of the pipe tunes known as "ceol mor" (great music) in Gaelic but generally called "pibroch" in English. These tunes begin with a relatively slow air, go into quicker variations and finish up with a terrifically swift display of dexterous fingering. The foursome reel similarly contrasts the strathspey and the reel speeds of dancing and accompaniment, and it is at the same time a graceful interweaving dance, in which the men dance facing their own partners, their comrades' partners and their comrades in turn.

To dance an eightsome followed by a foursome requires plenty of energy without injecting into the eightsome any of the high kicking in which some Lowlanders indulge when they attempt to travesty the four-couple dance. At certain stages in the foursome, when the men face each other, you get a species of showing off which is genuinely Highland and not overdone.

Indeed, the foursome is seen at its best when danced entirely by men. That applies to most Highland dances. It is the combination of strength and manly energy with artistic grace which makes the Highland dancing so attractive.

In competitive Highland dancing, women and girls have become more and more predominant. They dance very well, but they tend to obscure the fact that such dances as the Highland fling, the sword dance and the Seann Triubhas, which form the main items in such competitions, are originally masculine dances, and that the kilt and short jacket and tartan stockings in which they dance are originally masculine dress.

Recently there has been a strong reaction against the wearing of male Highland costume by women and girls competing in the dancing classes at Highland games. Old Highlanders have never liked this insidious modern development.



By courtesy of Sir Thomas Innes of Learney

(Above) A foursome reel at Crathes Castle, Deeside, about 1830. The women dance in corsage, tartan sleeves and white apron; one of them, with feathers and a plaid sash across her left shoulder, is a chief in her own right. (Below) Country dancing in Lowland dress at about the same period

By courtesy of Edinburgh Public Libraries



Designed & Engr'd by D. Allan

For blyth and cheary we's be a | And dance till we be like to fa
And mak a happy quonum | The reel of Tulloch gorum



The Scotsman Publications Ltd.

(Above) *At a Caledonian Ball: a revival of 18th-century tartan jacket, lace cuffs and jabot; the ladies wear tartan sashes over modern gowns. (Below) Dancers at a Glasgow gathering in clansmen's kilt, short jacket, sporran and hose. The Highland purist thinks these are clothes for men only*

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By courtesy of the Bodleian Library

Allan Ramsay's portrait of Flora Macdonald, the rescuer of Bonnie Prince Charlie, shows her wearing the corsage of the period with full sleeves and plaid brooched up to the right shoulder, with which she would probably wear a tartan skirt

For long the most typical sight at Highland games was the little girl with blonde curls, in kilt, tartan stockings, Tam o' Shanter bonnet or Balmoral or Glengarry, silver-buttoned velvet jacket and waistcoat, and a row or rows of medals won in previous competitions. These moppets may have delighted their doting parents but they always got under the skin of Highland traditionalists, who hated to see the costume which graced the sturdy limbs of Prince Charlie's followers and of the men of the Highland regiments reduced to a frilly thing for little girls.

There was always the danger, too, that the wearing of the kilt by women and girls would increase the confusion outside of Scotland that our men wear "skirts". This sort of thing might account for the reluctance at one time of our young men to don the Highland dress—a reluctance which, however, is fast

disappearing. Indeed, the Highland costume has come back in Scotland on a big scale since the war, and it is becoming more and more popular, not only for evening wear but also for outdoor wear, for walking, hill climbing and even for work.

To save the Highland dress from becoming debased through women and girls usurping its use, some of the authorities at Highland games have prohibited its adoption by female competitors. At Aboyne the authorities went to the length of designing a costume which women might wear in their competitions, with skirt, instead of kilt, long sleeves, long stockings (instead of the calf-length stockings worn with the kilt) and fancy bodice, somewhat in the peasant tradition of so many European national costumes, along with the plaid worn on the right shoulder, unlike the men, who, if they wear the plaid as well as the kilt, brooch it on the left shoulder.

Since then, the Scottish Official Board of Highland Dancing, who are trying to regularize conditions for competitors at Highland games throughout the world, have introduced a modified 'male' dress for women.

The argument of the official board is that, as the dances are originally masculine (this refers to such solo dances as the Highland fling, the sword dance and the Seann Triubhas), the women and girls dancing them are "dancing as men", and so a certain suggestion of masculine costume is admissible. So they have designed a slightly longer kilt, together with long stockings, worn with sleeved blouse with or without short coat and bonnet. An important difference from masculine dress is that the sporran (the Highlander's purse worn in front of the kilt) is not worn by the women.

Leaving the subject of Highland costume for the moment, these three main solo dances—the Highland fling, the sword dance and the Seann Triubhas—are worth studying. The Highland fling is the best known of all Scottish dances. It is regarded abroad as a

typical expression of Scottishness. It is a graceful and dignified dance, but, like all the dances of the Highlander, energetic. Its energeticness tends to be exaggerated by uninformed mimics.

How old the Highland fling is, we cannot guess, but it is one of the survivors of a greater variety of dances which Highlanders used to do for mutual entertainment. It may well have been the case that it originated as part of a reel and that the excellence of some individuals in showing off in the reel, as is still done in the foursome, led to its development as a solo dance. However it originated, it was popular as a demonstration of Highland skill in the 18th and 19th centuries, and its steps have been stabilized more or less for the past half-century.

The sword dance is believed to be the modern form of a dance which Tacitus, the Roman historian, saw performed by the ancient Caledonians, but the fact that the swords are now placed in the form of the cross may have some religious significance. This dance is known in Gaelic as the Gille Chaluim, or servant of St Columba, and that also may point to some religious significance.

When Tacitus saw it done, the Caledonians were picking their steps cleverly among upturned blades, but nothing so risky is involved in the present-day sword dance. It still requires strength, agility and skill in springing with the light *pas de basque* step to right and left of hilt and blade, performing the tasteful toe-and-heel step over the swords and finishing in lively quick-time. To see it done by a sturdy man, light on his toes, is a sheer delight.

"Seann Triubhas" is pronounced "shann trews" and means "old trews". The trews was the alternative to the kilt in the old Highland dress and consisted of tights rather than trousers, cut out of tartan and shaped to the leg. This garment was worn by gentlemen, particularly on horseback, and by old men sometimes in preference to the kilt. In a modi-

fied form the trews is worn by soldiers of some Scottish regiments (tartan trousers).

Strictly speaking, the Seann Triubhas should be danced in trews and not in the kilt, but, as the same performer may be called upon to follow one dance with another and there are seldom facilities for changing, it has become almost inevitable to see it danced in the kilt.

The tradition about the dance is that it was introduced when the Highland dress was banned after the 1745 Rising (which the Highlanders called The Year of Prince Charlie), and that it was a satire on the proscription of the kilt. There is about the dance a suggestion that the trousers are being shown off contemptuously, and that the dancer is

Styles authorized at the Aboyne Games, where masculine dress for women is prohibited. That on the left recalls Flora MacDonald's laced corsage, with plaid on the right shoulder and tartan skirt; the other is a lengthened kilt with stockings

Aberdeen Journals Ltd.



saying with his feet what Duncan Ban Macintyre, the Gaelic poet, said in words at the time, "The bad fashion that was on us turned our handsome youths into old men", in other words, those who would fain have worn the kilt had to wear old men's trews.

Whatever its origin, the Seann Triubhas is a dance on the scale of ballet, with a variety of steps, including *entrechats*, rocks, points and toe-and-heel movements, accompanied by graceful movements of the arms. It is a dance with a great deal of drama in it and this intensifies the feeling that it is intended to say something. In its recent evolution, the Seann Triubhas has tended to acquire some exaggerations, such as the splits done in mid-air, which do credit to the

A warrior wearing the saffron shirt of dyed linen over which Highlanders usually wore a loosely-draped plaid until the end of the 16th century when the belted plaid drove it out

British Museum



agility of some professional performers but do not really enhance this lovely measure. For this, as for the other Highland dances, the official board are laying down standard steps and excluding some of the extravagances.

The Edinburgh dancer and teacher, Mr D. G. MacLennan, in his book on *Highland and Traditional Scottish Dances*, gives a list of twenty-two Highland dances which have died out, including the Hebridean ship dance, the flail dance of the island of Tiree and the Skye dance, "I will hit you on the head." Most of these dances seem to have combined manly exercise with amusement and probably combined with such Highland games as putting the stone and tossing the caber to

keep the Highlanders fit.

He has been fortunate in his own day in seeing such old dances as the Danna Mor (great dance) of the island of Eigg, the sword dance of Papa Stour in the Shetlands, and a sword dance done in Brittany which seems to be related to the Scottish sword dances.

Dancing in the Highlands was performed to the accompaniment mainly of the fiddle, if indoors, and of the bagpipes, if out of doors. Duncan Ban sings of "A spell of fiddling and dancing, a spell of singing and mirthmaking," which more or less sums up the entertainment at a "ceilidh" (pronounced "kaylee") or impromptu party. (The word "ceilidh" originally means a visit, but, as "visits" in the Highlands involve songs, stories and amusement, so the word has come to mean an entertainment, and is even used now for a Gaelic concert.)

An interesting form of accompaniment for dancing is the "port a beul" (pronounced "porst a bell" or "porst a bee-ahl", according to district). This is, literally and in fact, "a tune out of the mouth". It may have real words or nonsense sounds or a mixture of both. It requires a good singer with "plenty of breath" to sing it, and to keep singing it for the duration of a dance, but it is an amusing accomplishment.

Sometimes this type of song is sung for its own sake at Gaelic concerts, without the dance to which it was composed as an accompaniment.

It is related to the songs of toil which make up a large proportion of Gaelic songs. The commonest are the rowing songs and the waulking songs used by women to accompany the shrinking of tweed lengths.

Duncan Ban, in his song to his sheep, describes this process:

Many is the woman who makes a grand cloth but she will not waulk it without at least four helpers. All the maidens in Glen Etive I should require to come to the steading. When I set them off in song the tweed will be shrunk. When they bend to the fulling their voices will not be husky. When they sit at the frame their clamour is heard over the mountains. When they sing their songs they set the birds off in the trees. When they bend to the chorus they are more melodious than the chant of the swan.

Each has her task and her mouth chants the music. One for water, one for peats, one to keep the fire going; one posting the cloth in a tub, one steeping, one rinsing; two pounding strongly, two wringing stiffly. But before it is out of their hands it will be firm cloth, I know.

Some of the dances, like the songs, have association with toil. That is the case with the flail dance I have mentioned.

Most interesting of all is the tradition which weds the Highland dress to the national dances. The two have become inseparable.

The Highlandman's dress in its present form—kilt, short jacket and waistcoat, Balmoral bonnet, tartan stockings and buckled shoes—is not very old, perhaps between 200 and 300 years. But it is a good representation of the kind of clothes which inhabitants of Scotland have liked to wear throughout many centuries.

Bare legs, at least, have long been a feature of Scottish modes of dress. There was the



Royal United Service Institution

In the 1740s Highland dress was used to encourage recruiting. This piper of 1743 wears the belted plaid, its lower end half-way down his thigh and its upper part carried round the left shoulder, with the sporran, or purse, in front. (Don't tell him, but that looks like the Cross of St George on his pipes!)

Highland servant who, tired of hearing the aristocrat from the South boast that his family were entitled to bear arms since the days of William the Conqueror, retorted (though rudeness is not a Highland characteristic): "Hoots, my people hass been

entitled to bare legs since the days of King Fergus."

Gaily coloured cloths have been popular with Celtic peoples, on the Continent as well as in Britain, from ancient times, and this tendency was remarked by the Romans. Ancient writers also noticed the tendency of the Caledonians in the north of Britain to go about in relatively scanty attire.

Magnus Barefoot, the 11th-century Viking, is believed to have acquired his name through adopting the costume in use in Scotland. He and his followers, it seems, went about bare-legged and with short tunics and upper garments.

It seems to have been about the 15th century that, for the ordinary Highlanders, the plaid became the main garment, which, worn over the shirt of yellow-dyed linen, acted both as kilt and upper covering.

From the 16th century onwards travellers noted the dress of the Scots, the saffron shirt surmounted with the plaid. Lowland Scots poets referred facetiously to the nakedness of the Highlanders' limbs. William Dunbar, who lived in the late 15th and early 16th centuries, refers, in "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," to the Highland garb as "tag and tatter". The poem, "How the First Hielandman Was Made," in the 16th-century Bannatyne manuscript, mentions the plaid as the characteristic garb of the Northerners.

By the early 18th century, when the Jacobite risings brought the Highlanders into national prominence, the plaid was being commonly worn in the belted style; that is, with the lower portion draped round the hips and hanging down to near the knee, a belt clasp ing it to the body and parts of it hanging in folds round the waist and the remainder strapped across the body from the right waist to the left shoulder, where the plaid was brooched to hold it firm.

In this form it was worn with the skirt alone or with short coat and waistcoat and bonnet. To carry money and other valuables a purse was suspended in front from the belt, usually made of deer-skin or badger-skin and with leather thongs to keep it closed. This was the sporran which has since evolved into a much more elaborate affair with the thongs transformed into ornate tassels.

Later, probably early in the 18th century and shortly before Prince Charlie led his Highlanders to battle, the lower part of the dress became separated from the part slung across the upper body—kilt and plaid, in other words, became separate. It is this fact that gives rise to the persistent legend that

"the kilt was invented by an Englishman", as it is believed that an English engineer working with General Wade on the making of military roads in the Highlands induced the Highland workers to adopt the separate kilt as a more convenient garment.

The modern kilt is the "utility" form of the old plaid, but the belted plaid, handled by people who were used to it, was a highly useful garment. They could drape it over their heads in wet weather and they could sleep in it in the heather, and frequently did, for it was clothing and blanket in one.

Highlanders were so proud of their dress that the Government used it as a uniform for Highland regiments, employing the favourite garb of the race as an inducement to recruiting. Prince Charlie likewise encouraged its use and the Year of Prince Charlie was also the great year of the Highland costume.

Its popularity was its undoing, for, after Prince Charlie's hopes perished in the Battle of Culloden near Inverness in 1746, the Government included a ban on Highland dress among its punitive measures to break the spirit of the Highlanders.

Duncan Ban Macintyre, who actually fought for the Government against the Jacobites, points out in one of his songs that the ban was imposed also on the clans who had supported the Hanoverians against the Stewarts, and this was regarded as a terrible offence.

But later in the century the Government lifted the ban, and when King George IV visited Edinburgh in 1822 he wore the kilt to impress his Scottish subjects with his admiration of their men and their customs. Sir Walter Scott arranged a pageant of Highlanders in their old dress for the benefit of the king and it was in this parade that a London merchant, a friend of George IV, paraded in the kilt, starting a fashion which has since increased, of English tourists adopting Highland dress for wear in the Highlands. Queen Victoria's consort Prince Albert carried on the Royal tradition of honouring the Highlanders by wearing their garb and it has been followed by male members of the Royal Family ever since.

Actually the courtesy of dressing in Highland costume to please the Highlanders is older even than the days of George IV. John Taylor, the Water Poet, who walked from London to Scotland and described a visit he made to Braemar, near Balmoral, in 1618, dressed in the Highland garb along with the other visitors there, and he mentions that it was the custom of the gentry to do so when going



J. Allan Cash

The Highland sword dance is believed to be the modern form of a dance which Tacitus, the Roman historian, saw performed by the ancient Caledonians. As most Highland dances originally were, it is a masculine dance, the product of a patriarchal society and environment in which the warrior took pride in his ability thus to combine manly energy with artistic grace

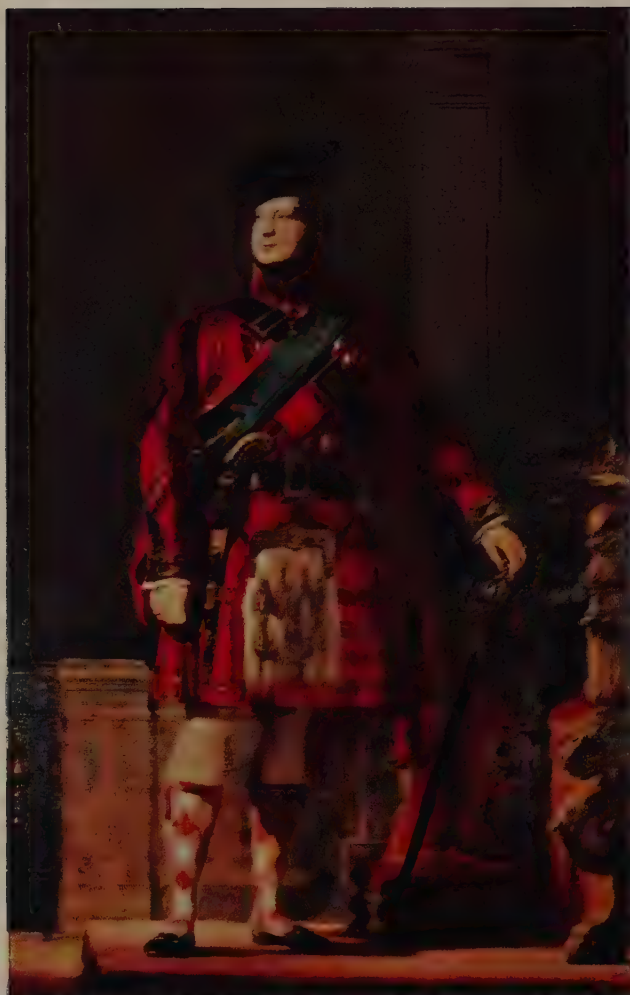


National Galleries of Scotland

(Above) Richard Waitt's portrait of Lord Duffus shows the 17th-century style of wearing the belted plaid, with the long hair and slashed doublet of the period. (Opposite) Raeburn's Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster in the Highland gentleman's trews, with a plaid and an elaborate sporran



By courtesy of the Right Hon. The Viscount Thurso



By courtesy of the Wellington Museum, Apsley House

The Hanoverians imposed a ban on Highland dress in 1746 after the defeat of the clans; this was lifted in 1782. Its revival was greatly encouraged by King George IV who wore the tartan on his state visit to Edinburgh in 1822. Here he is portrayed by Wilkie wearing all the accoutrements mentioned in the ban

out hunting with the Highland peasantry.

His description of the Highland dress of his time is worth recalling. "Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the

same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck; and thus are they attired."

Tartans were, no doubt, worn according to the fancy of the wearer, but the variation in the natural dyes available in different parts of the country seems to have made it possible to tell the district from which a person came by the tartan he wore. Chiefs in some cases dressed their retainers in tartans of uniform colouring. These facts gave rise to the tradition that there was a tartan for each clan. This "clan tartan" tradition seized the public imagination when the right to wear the kilt was restored and after the fillip given to the wearing of tartan by King George IV's example, when Edinburgh tailors and others whipped up enthusiasm for the clan kilt.

Now, over 130 years after the visit of King George IV, the kilt has come back in a big way. And it has become accepted, not simply as a Highland dress, but also as a Scottish national dress, which, of course, it never was before the days of Sir Walter Scott. It is particularly the dress for dancing, whether for the solo dances requiring great training and natural skill for their proper execution or for the reels and strathspeys which have been revived in a variety of "country dance" forms and which are becoming increas-

ingly a feature of balls in the cities as well as in the countryside. To see an assembly of Scots, the men in the kilt and the women in evening dress with tartan sashes, is a gay and enjoyable sight, needing little tradition to justify it but truly linking a Caledonian ball of today with Scotland's colourful and turbulent past.

Mongolian Visit

by IVOR MONTAGU

The author, a Communist, as a Secretary of the World Peace Council enjoyed the rare privilege of travelling in the Mongolian territory which in 1921 threw off Manchu suzerainty and later became a republic, with support from the U.S.S.R. His description leads one to wish that more Western visitors should share his opportunities, though Mongolia's remoteness will always be an obstacle

LAST autumn my wife and I were lucky enough to travel some 1500 miles in what used to be called Outer Mongolia and is now the Mongolian People's Republic. Few visitors from the West have ever been to this once mysterious land, and none at all in recent years. Indeed, my wife was told that she was the first English woman visitor, ever. Since our return we have learned that a Mrs Bulstrode made a short stay in the capital in 1914.

It is a remarkable country, like no other in the world. Geologically, it is a great plateau, for the most part 4000 feet above sea level. The average height is, however, nearly 2000 feet greater, for big mountain chains run across the north, across the centre (the Hangai) and to the west and south-west (the Altai).

Vast spaces in the centre and east of the country are rolling grassland, bowl after flat-bottomed bowl sometimes thirty to fifty miles across, separated from each other by rims made up of rock-topped mountains with turf slopes.

To the north the country forms the southern edge of the huge Siberian forest jungle, the "taiga". As you go southward you pass from grassland to semi-desert, where grow only shrivelled yellow grass and the saksaul bush; further southward still lies sand, the Chinese frontier and beyond it the desert route, the famous silk road of antiquity to Sinkiang and the west.

We think of the semi-desert steppe, which the Mongolians call Gobi, as desert, but not so the Mongolians, for it will support life and a sort of arid husbandry, especially with camels—all they will admit as desert is the barren sand itself, which lies mostly over the Chinese frontier.

Mongolia is by no means waterless. There are big rivers, among them the Selenga, the Orkhon and the Kerulen, and huge lakes, two of over 1000 square miles each. There is timber in the mountains, gold, precious stones, coal—one coalfield alone is said to contain several thousand million tons. Wild life is abundant. The rivers teem with fish, which in old days Mongolians never touched,

for fear of acquiring scales. Elk, wild sheep, wild goats, bear, snow-leopard, fox, ermine, marmot abound in the mountains. The car, as you cross the plains, scatters herds of antelope and drives startled flocks of bustards or lazy eagles into the air. Every car-load carries a sporting gun, to miss no chance of hunting down a wolf, anathema in this herding country. And in the south-west Gobi live still three romantic ancestral beasts: *tak*, the wild horse; *kulan*, the wild ass; and *habtagai*, the wild camel.

The special, glorious, character of the country is its huge 'elbow-room'. It occupies 660,000 square miles and the population number about one million, just under one man and wife per square mile.

Ninety per cent of the economy still relates to what has consistently been the basis of Mongolian life ever since the Stone Age—livestock herding. This is what makes the Mongolian scene today so fascinating, the process of giving a modern pattern to a society with so ancient a basis.

The people of these lands have always been nomad herdsmen. For thousands of years, waves of raiders on horseback have, from this 'cradle' of peoples, harried the settled lands. The Scythians Herodotus knew probably came originally from here. So did the Huns of Attila. The Chinese knew these tribesmen for centuries as the Hiung-nu and built the Great Wall against them. In the 13th century a local chieftain named Temujin welded the squabbling tribes together in war, and became Jenghis (Chinghiz) Khan, who, with his sons, conquered the then known world—Russia and Europe as far as Poland, Hungary and the Adriatic; the Middle East as far as Egypt; North India; China. The unstable empires of the Khans did not last long, however. They broke up, leaving on the plains a drained and backward people that soon fell prey to neighbouring princes. For 200 years before 1921 the Mongolians lived an abject life under Manchu rulers, with one school, no books, no doctors, a half of one per cent literacy, no industry, no agriculture, and forty per cent of the adult male population



Kodachromes by the author

Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia, has grown in the last thirty years from a cluster of one-storeyed shacks into a city of 100,000 inhabitants. (Above) On the left is the theatre and on the right a club. (Below) In front of the government building stands the mausoleum of the Mongol revolutionary leaders





(Above) Formerly almost half the adult male population of Mongolia were Lamas. These old men at Ulan Bator are among the very few still continuing their Buddhist rites. (Below) Typical youngsters of the town: before 1921 Mongolia had one school of fifty pupils; now primary education is almost universal





(Above) Made of layers of felt on a wood frame, the Mongolian tent or yurt is portable and roomy. The sailcloth cover and chimneyed stove are recent innovations. (Below) Making cheese: this girl of fifteen should be at secondary school, but her parents are elderly and have kept her at home to help



spending their lives as Buddhist monks, intoning prayers in Tibetan, a language most did not understand.

It is significant that today's Mongolian flag bears not a star, nor a hammer and sickle, nor anything related to the great conquering Khans, but the peculiar badge of Tsogt Tej, a feudal knight prominent in the national struggle against foreign conquest at the end of the 17th century.

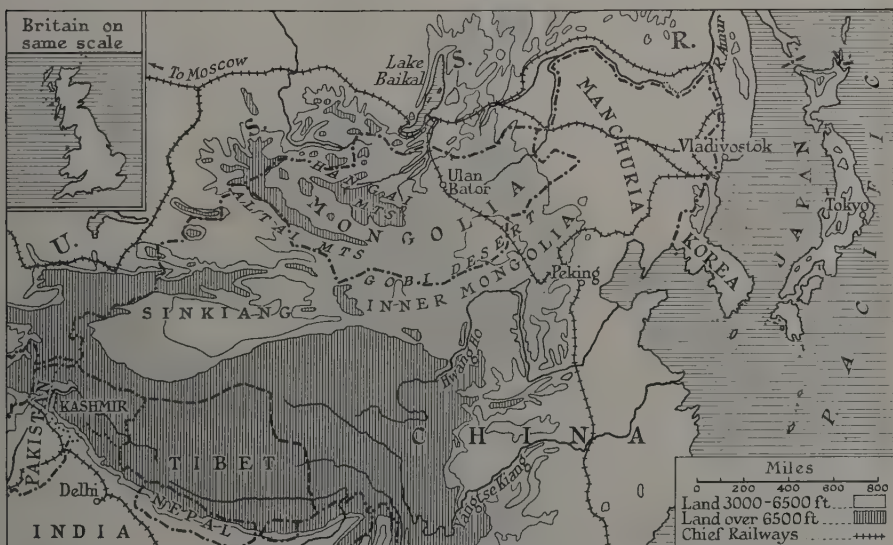
The national crest depicts the five animals that comprise Mongolia's wealth: the stocky and tireless little horse, the cow (which includes the yak), the camel, the sheep, the goat. All these animals you see in great herds as you cross the plains. The horses of all colours; the cattle, nursed by the *arat* (or herdsman) with his characteristic lasso consisting of a long pole with a loop at its end; the yaks, tossing up their flag-like tails as they blunder from the path of one's jeep; the sheep and goats numberless as snowflakes on the hillside. There is even a book-keeping currency expressed in these animals—the *bot*; one bot is one horse, one cow, seven goats, ten sheep; and a camel is a bot and a half.

The cow gives milk and leather and meat (the yak's milk is richer, and the female *hainag*—a yak-cow hybrid—gives more than either; just as the male *hainag* is stronger than either parent). The sheep gives wool and meat and leather; the goat milk and hair. The camel gives wool and, even today, is

leased to a neighbour or the state for a large part of freight transport. The noble companion of the *arat*, the horse, is never eaten. He carries his rider from the latter's earliest age. It is truthfully said that Mongolian children grow on horseback. Should you pass a village—perhaps half-a-dozen huts, the medical and vet point, the store and the club—just as school is coming out, some two or three dozen tiny little balls will explode out of the building, leap onto the backs of their tethered mounts, and off perhaps twenty or thirty miles to their parents' tents. The national drink is *kumiss*, fermented horse's milk, a bag of which is kept perpetually replenished in every tent. And the national music is played on the *morin-hur*, a two-stringed instrument which must always bear a horse's head.

The staple Mongolian diet in summer is milk in a score of forms: fresh, fermented, as a curiously tasteless cheese or a delicious solid cream, as queer dry and sour little hard worm-shaped lumps, even—though it may shock our teetotalers to know—distilled into a spirit. In winter the Mongolian eats more meat, often dried-preserved, and then softened by soaking before cooking.

The herds in all now number 26,000,000. In former days they belonged mostly to princely herds and monasteries, and an enormous mortgage on the annual crop of foals, lambs and calves was held as debts to foreign—mainly Chinese—merchants supply-





11 photographs by the author

Tsetserleg, 300 miles from Ulan Bator, is the administrative centre of the aimak (province) of Ara-hangai, near the mountains of that name. It has about 8000 inhabitants in winter, 5000 in summer, an important veterinary institute for producing vaccines, hospitals and social amenities

ing such goods as flour and sugar. These huge herds no longer exist. Nearly ninety per cent of the animals are privately owned still, and a man is not blamed, but rather praised, for having a large herd, since it is part of the total product that makes the national wealth. Nevertheless, the rule that the private producer must not employ labour obtains in Mongolia as in the U.S.S.R., so few herds exceed one or two thousand, for it would be a large and cohesive family that could cope with more. About forty animals provide enough for a poor man to rub along with—200 or 250 was a common number owned by the families whose tents we visited—so simple arithmetic will show that there is no reason at all for abject poverty to remain.

Mongolia has a terrible, harsh climate. The summer is baking hot, the winter cold is frightful. Almost at any moment of the year cold winds blow suddenly, with snow or blinding rain. The north and middle is beset by blizzards, the southern Gobi is often parched. For millenia the husbandry has been nomadic. The huge herds would crop all the available grass, and those who tended

them had to travel with them many hundreds of miles, seeking water, new grass or sheltered weather.

Such large-scale nomadism was a cause of hardship. The herds shift seasonally still, but only short distances: ten or fifteen miles we found common. Warm shelters (*hashans*) for the animals in winter, fodder—which the lamas formerly forbade the arats to grow or cut, as they forbade all agriculture, for fear of disturbing evil spirits—and wells are the means with which contemporary Mongolia conducts what is called "the campaign against nomadism".

The state encourages "Production Associations", an elementary sort of cooperative, which bring the arats together and enable them, with club or reading-room, school, medical and veterinary service, sport, shop, craft circles for building, making implements, vegetable gardens, and so on, to raise their living standards. These are developing slowly, and so far little more than ten per cent of arats have joined them. There are state hay-cutting stations, to help these co-ops and the arats who are not members; and



(Above) *The enclosing wall of the great 16th-century monastery of Erdeni-Tsu, now restored as a museum.*
(Below) *Some two miles away, this stone tortoise marks the flattened site of Karakorum, once the capital of Ogadai Khan, ruler of a 13th-century empire that stretched from the Pacific to Central Europe*





A Mongolian herdsman's wife milking a goat on the conveyor system. As soon as one is finished, her husband will replace it with another. Hired labour may not be employed for herding flocks

about a dozen state farms, each some 120 square miles or so in extent, which serve the role of 'models', introducing methods and ways of life formerly entirely unknown—such as grain-growing (Mongolia no longer needs to import flour), poultry and pigs.

The lamasseries have almost entirely disappeared. Some of the larger or more famous—such as the great Erdeni-Tsu, built in the 18th century and holding 1000 lamas as late as 1937, and the Temple of Beneficent Mercy in Urga (now Ulan Bator)—are turned into museums, which do not fail to illustrate the fearful demons, gruesome portrayals of severed heads, flayed skins and other examples of superstitious horrors that primitive shamanism grafted onto Tibetan Buddhism in this part of the world. Others are still functioning. We visited one such in Ulan Bator, and were received by the lamas—they and all present were certainly over sixty years

old—with potent kumiss. Older arats have small Buddha-figures in their tents, but the younger generation seems wholly uninterested.

When, in the course of the 1921 struggle between Red and White, Mongolia revolted against Manchu-Chinese suzerainty and declared itself independent, the Living Buddha of Urga, the Bogdo Gegen, was at first its king. After his death, the state became a republic, but the economic power of the lamasseries remained intact almost until the late 1930s and the armed frontier conflicts with the Japanese. The Japanese military, expanding through Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, had carefully prepared their next moves by contact with the higher lamas and it was in the clashes of this period that the vast feudal properties of both the lay princes and the great lamasseries were finally broken up. Indeed most of the changed face of the

country, which we saw as visitors, dates from so recently, not from twenty years earlier.

What happened to the lamas? Some became arats, taking a share of the dispersed property, but the answer respecting most is very simple and very unexpected. Ex-lamas form the bulk of the industrial working class.

Formerly Mongolia had no industry at all; a handful of mainly Russians and Chinese operated a brickworks, a small coal-mine and two hand-presses. Now there is a network of craft cooperatives, accounting for about a third of the industrial output, and numerous state enterprises—the coal-mine, building materials, electric power stations, vaccine and antitoxin production, a meat combine, confectionery, cloth, clothes, leather, mechanical wool-washing, boots, felt-boots, motor and machinery repair, radio, telephone, bus and truck transport—in all employing about 60,000. Statistics show the numbers of those employed increasing just as the lamasseries

were coming to an end. The arat, better off than ever before, saw nothing specially to attract him into the newly developing industries. For the displaced lama they were just the job.

Every Mongolian man or woman—except 'modernists' such as a few factory workers and professional men—wears the *del*, a long garment down to the calves, fastening double-breasted, with high trimmed collar and long sleeves, into which the hand can be drawn up when the wind is cold. Workaday dels may be of plain cloth, smart dels—e.g. for a young woman going to the opera—in bright silk.

The tent abode of every arat is the *yurt*. A round cylinder about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and 20 feet in diameter is surmounted by a low cone with an opening at the top that can be covered in bad weather. Such yurts have been used by Mongolians for centuries: the Khans pitched them on the shores of the Indian Ocean. The yurt is the perfect prefab. Its framework is a

The calves are kept fastened near the yurt. These children, members of a herdsman's family, have been playing with young yaks and hainags. The latter are sturdy and much-prized yak-cow crosses





(Above) An arat (herdsman) carrying the traditional form of lasso: an adjustable loop at the end of a long stick. (Below) Arat children in this region are threatened when naughty: "Be good or the camel will bite you." This one, posed for his photograph, is only saved from tears by a sweet



wooden lattice, its cover layers of felt *ad lib.* It takes about twenty minutes to erect, forty to take down; and two camels can carry it.

It is spacious, light and airy beyond expectation, warm or cool according to the number of layers of felt. It contains beds, cupboards, stores, washing appliances ranged round the circular wall, stools in the space left free, cooking in the centre. Whatever the case in the past—and previous travellers have described yurts as filthy—they are now clean and comfortable. There have been three big recent improvements: sailcloth on the outside, to prevent rotting of the felt; lamps that do not smoke; and a stove with a chimney in place of a cauldron over an open fire.

To people whose civilization is based on the yurt, landlordism is unknown. Trying to ascertain the cost of living, we asked about rent and puzzled our friends until at last one said—yes, he had heard of such a thing, he believed there was talk of introducing it next year! Most city dwellers live in flats or hostels linked to the job; or else just put up a yurt in a back-yard.

In former Mongolia there was hardly a building of more than one storey, other than the temples. Now the capital, Ulan Bator, is a beautiful white city, with huge administration buildings, clubs, museums, libraries, a university, technical schools, central hospital, opera house, circus, cinemas, factories. A railway runs from Moscow and has this year linked up with one coming from Peking.

There is a medical service with sanatoria, which we visited, veterinary research, rest-homes. Twenty years ago, as a Mongolian scientist told me, you could not have found a Mongolian who knew the Latin name of any animal. Now there is a Science Committee with observatories, meteorological stations, breeding research, maps, libraries, school-books, historical works, geological expeditions, archaeological digging and preservation of monuments. It devised, fifteen years ago, a new alphabet, based on Cyrillic like Russian but with certain differences, and so gave an enormous impetus to education—old Mongolian writing is very difficult to learn—elementary schooling being now almost universal, and secondary reaching about half the children; a lot of arat parents being inclined to hold back older children to help with the herds.

There is a museum, with fascinating exhibits such as dinosaur eggs and the imprint of dinosaur skin—this Central Asian plateau must once have been low marsh or even seashore. There is a film industry, with monthly

newsreels, occasional shorts and even features; and a circus—with performing camels. There is a growing literature of novels and poetry. There are opera and ballet; the musicians, besides the haunting love-songs of the steppe on the morin-hur, play Chopin and Tchaikovsky. The theatre has given Shakespeare, Pushkin, Lope de Vega, Molière, Goldoni, Beaumarchais. Sports meetings include not only athletics in true Olympic style—the standard is not yet very high, of course, such Western conventional athletics have only been going two or three years—but the age-old Mongolian sports of wrestling (with elaborate cries and ceremonial), archery, and the peculiar Mongolian system of horse-racing.

Peculiar? Well, not illogically, the Mongolians say *their* horse-racing is to test the horse, not the rider, so all the riders are children, boys or girls, usually from eight to ten years old. There is a maximum age, but no minimum; if the youngsters are very small, you tie their feet together underneath, so they can't fall. Off they go, cross-country over distances of twenty or thirty miles, not at an everyday pace but full tilt the whole way, and finish pretty tired; but how they love it, and the bowls of kumiss poured in libation to the winner over head and crupper, and the paeans of triumph.

Throughout Mongolian life and society penetrates this extraordinary blend of the ancient and the new. The Mongolians are intensely nationalist. They take a tremendous pride, which every observer must admit just, in the fact that they are doing all these things themselves. They are well aware that they have received enormous help, in machinery and specialists and in starting all sciences and professions, from Soviet specialists. Without this sort of aid it is obvious that they could never have got going. But these specialists have been withdrawn rapidly and with tact. To visit the University, and see training the physicists and microbiologists and geologists and linguists and anatomists and historians and doctors and vets—Mongolians training Mongolians—to converse with students and lecturers in Western languages they have learned the better to read publications in their sciences, and then to return home and check on the narratives of travellers in the first fifth of the present century, describing the country's then state of ignorance, superstition, filth and abject poverty: to do this is to blink one's eyes and reflect how much better things might be if every half of the world really knew what every other half is doing.

Living History in Minorca

by WILLIAM SANSOM

The events that history records and geography locates have seldom left traces as enduringly alive as those of British occupation in Minorca, here revealed by Mr Sansom with the understanding of the geographer's "wisdom in respect to place" that he has so often shown in his articles for this Magazine and in many of his books, such as South, A Touch of the Sun, and A Bed of Roses

HISTORY requires either blind belief or intellectual effort: it is a concept, not a sensory fact, and however much reason and data are assembled in proof, or belief is instilled by pictures once painted and by pictures newly posed in the contemporary theatre, nevertheless it is a stringing together of dead fact, it has to be taken on trust, and it may be that there is some last recess in our minds that, despite all reason and tuition, cannot truly believe a word of it: for it is not *there*. An old house is certainly there; yet even that is not alive, and all about it is finally hearsay, it is dead and its recrudescence demands intellectual effort. How different if the closet opened and, superhumanly, a man dead in the 18th century actually stepped out, and spoke, and lived! There would be life, and final acceptance.

An apparition somewhat similar to this can today startle one on the island of Minorca, easternmost of the Balearics. One may be strolling along a Spanish street of low adobe houses and dust, of acacias in bloom and the smell of oil frying over charcoal, and suddenly stop arrested by a chorus piped in high children's voices, English words sounding from firm laughing brown faces: "All fall down!" There in the dust are several dark-skinned Minorcan children certainly fallen down. They have been playing ring-a-ring-o'-roses. The first lines of the old plague-song turned nursery rhyme were sung in *Menorquin* dialect, the last line in English. Yet the English who once occupied the island and sang that song sailed away in the first decade of the 19th century . . . and they have not been back since.

This, then, is a live song handed down from live lips long dead—and its very life proves the life of those long-ago lips with a sense of immediacy difficult to translate into words. It must be heard to be felt. Indeed, the song itself illustrates the same division: it is a fairly acceptable theory that ring-a-ring-o'-roses derives from the Plague of 1665, that posies were carried against pollution and that "a-tish-oo" and "all fall down" have their imaginable grisly designation: but this idea, though a probability, requires imagination—whereas the echo of the living song requires very little intellectual prowling to be thoroughly believed: to hear those words isolated in the Mediterranean among the faces of a different race it is easy to feel the stride of British breeches and the cock of a Plymouth tricorn around the corner.

Yet—are the Minorcans quite a different race? The years of British occupation—1708-56, 1763-82, 1798-1802, some seventy-two years—left a deal of northern blood in the veins of the islanders, and today one may frequently come upon a farmer or fisherman with carrot hair, square features and other physical signs that show unmistakably his descent. There are surnames like Andrew (though spelled Andrieu) about, and a



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by David Moore

The old quays of Mahón harbour lie almost three miles inland from the sea, on deep water that has made this inlet one of the finest anchorages in the Mediterranean. The town rises to the left, and is approached by steep, multitudinous steps that lead to the squares and main residential quarters high above. It was from quays such as these that British frigates were victualled when, during the hundred years from 1708 to 1802, Minorca was repeatedly in British hands and Mahón was a base of strategic importance in the wars against France

A portrait of Señor Juan Pons, one of those Minorcans who can claim British ancestry of Nelson's time. In his daily life, speaking the Menorquin dialect, he will use a number of English words that were introduced during the 18th-century British occupations and now compose part of the language





Señor Pons opposite would use a phonetic rendering, bairinda, of the English word to describe the bow-windows seen here through the wrought-iron balcony of the Town Hall at Mahón. Bow-windows, strangely un-Spanish in appearance as well as in name, are only one among many survivals from the days when Minorca was a Mediterranean headquarters of the Royal Navy



Nelson's house at San Antonio, overlooking the waters of Mahón harbour. Constructed of red brick in classic style it stands particularly English against field-walls washed Arab white, the palms in its terraced gardens, the olives, the dry greyish-ochre earth and the harsh blue Mediterranean sky

The house of Admiral Collingwood, more Mediterranean in conception, stands on the opposite side of the inlet to Nelson's "Golden Farm". Alongside runs the road from Port Mahón to Villa Carlos, a barracks town constructed by the British, on whose Georgian-façaded square the soldiers of Spain's army now drill



The doorway of Nuestra Señora del Rosario at Ciudadela, the old capital of Minorca. It is in the "Churrigueresque" style—an exaggerated form of Baroque called after a Spanish architect, José de Churriguera, who with his family and pupils developed it in the 17th century. The church is built of yellow stone, and forms part of a decorated architecture that gives Ciudadela its aristocratic air. Many old families still regard the town as superior to Mahón, the new capital





Ciudadela can be a very hot town, and these arches called Ses Voltes, running through the centre, provide welcome shade. They are backed by shops and cafés. At the fiesta of San Juan, which takes place each Midsummer Day, stallions are ridden through them, while onlookers try to unseat the riders by detonating fireworks, a most commotive equestrian display



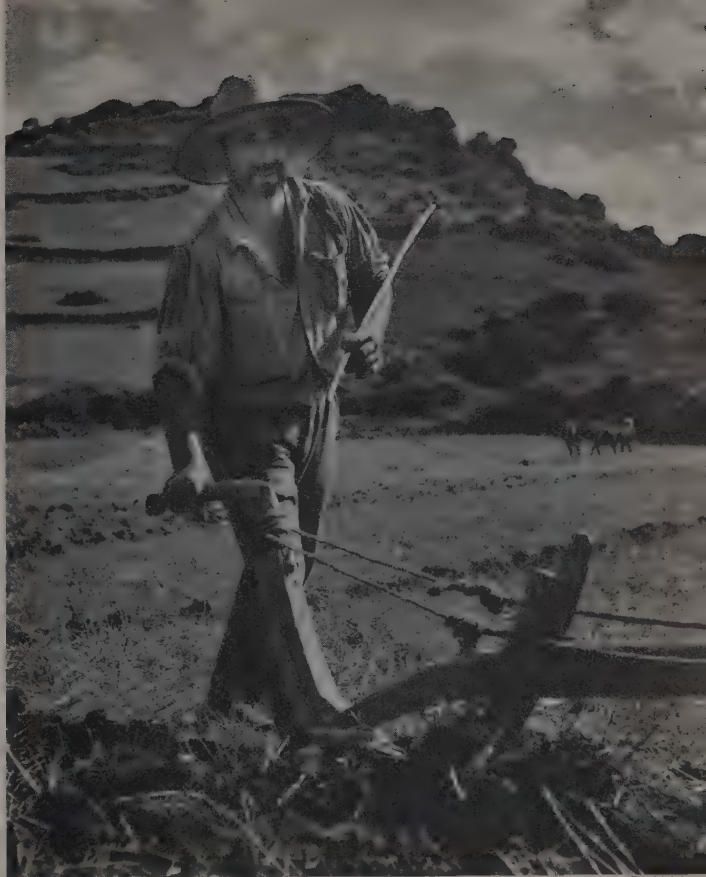
The Naueta d'Es Tudons, near Ciutadella, is the best preserved of a number of such megalithic ship-shaped buildings of prehistoric origin found in Minorca. They are possibly tombs, possibly places of refuge; their mystery is shared by the taulas, table-shaped erections of two enormous stones, and the talayots, towers resembling the Sardinian nuraghi, that make up the island's extraordinary archaeological richness

family of prominent citizens bearing the name Victory (*sic*); though it is difficult to ascertain whether this latter may be what one is tempted to imagine, it is plainly a long way from the Spanish *Vittoria* and anything of Menorquín form.

In and around Mahón, the port made capital by the British, a form of Highland Fling is danced in kilts, traditionally and no-one remembers why. And the favourite island drink is a white spirit called gin, pronounced still "geen", without the usual throaty Spanish soft g; it is drunk not from a *copa* but a "glas"; and the islanders are often surprised to hear that this distillation which they consider unique, for it is not distilled in the other Balearics, is not so.

Such, with a number of English words, are some of the more lively evidences of British occupation. Inanimate material is plentiful. Crowning a rise above Mahón harbour stands the vast red brick and classically pedimented mansion built for Nelson: it stands in its palm garden against a hard blue sky like a surreal chip of the block of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea—and its windows gaze across the water to another great house built for an Admiral of the Blue, Cuthbert Collingwood. In the town of Mahón

there are still to be seen sash and bow windows (the latter phonetically translated into Menorquín as "*baindas*"), ascending doorsteps, knockers and footscrapers of British design. A "cottage" loaf is baked, and designs sent by Chippendale still form a basis for certain Minorcan furniture manufacture. These and much more are the remaining evidences of what, from an account written in 1809, must have looked at the century's turn a very British port—with inn-signs swinging, wares arranged in shops after the home pattern, and redcoats guarding the taverns against drunkenness. It is interesting to note that late in the evening, as if to end it, the Minorcan may still raise his glass with the phrase "Ah, well." Could this be an early evocation in the "Time, Gents, Please" tra-



David Moore

"Inland the country is hard, arid and stony . . . stone walls stretch their low webs in all directions": a Minorcan peasant ploughing in the northern part of the island

dition? Or simply an echo of all exiled tropic twilights, all the beautiful, weary evenings far from home?

Other Mediterranean positions such as Malta and Gibraltar are naturally coloured with similar anglicisms: it is the long pause in time, of course, that gives Minorca its peculiar fascination. We have not been back since the Treaty of Amiens in 1802. Prior to that date, Minorca was prominently a European concern. Its deep harbour could successfully control shipping from East Spanish and Southern French ports. An action was fought for San Felipe, the great sea-fort protecting Mahón harbour, before the Seven Years' War was actually declared; when the French took Mahón, Pompadour distributed sword-knots *à la Mahón* at Compiègne, where

she was *en fête*; there was the sad affair of the execution of Admiral Byng at Portsmouth after his withdrawal from the ships of La Galissonière: many such evidences mark the strategic prominence in those days of an island hardly thought of today except as the birthplace of the Duc de Richelieu's *sauce mayonnaise* (Mahón-aise). And the British spent over a million sterling on fortifications there, a considerable sum in contemporary terms.

Part of this million was spent by Sir Richard Kane on building the road between the old capital Ciudadela and Mahón. The engineer John Armstrong's paving-stones are still to be seen, and even as late as 1924 a statue was erected to Kane, in memory of his improving care, at the turning outside Mahón known happily as the *Vuelta del Milord*. Kane introduced new breeds of cattle and poultry, and game such as hares and pheasants. Peach and pomegranate orchards were planted in the fertile gulleys called *barrancas*—they can still be seen, for instance at Algendar; but these plantings were possible only in the *barrancas*, and there lies Minorca's defect: it has its two fine harbours and its beautiful beaches, but inland the country is hard, arid and stony but for these few ancient flowering torrent-beds. Stones are scattered everywhere on the brown-caked fields—stone walls stretch their low webs in all directions less for protection than simply as a means of easy disposal of the stones themselves; it is plain to see why Balearic mercenaries in ancient days used to form the slinger-battalions of foreign armies.

There are neither rivers nor streams; and furthermore the parched trees are pestered by northern gales, reputedly the blow-out of the Rhône's mistral, of such prevalence that many of the more isolated houses are constructed windowless to the north. Yet such a display of arid low-land (with the minor contrasts of one small mountain and the one marshy Albufera district) graces the island with a character of hard and distinct dignity. Utterly unlike its greener sisters Majorca and Ibiza, it looks African. Whatever the British residue, and such lesser Gallic evidences as the French-built village of San Luis, the Arab is the visitor who has put his major mark on the land. The clean whitewash of the humbler houses, the lovely gradations of a flat-roofed mud-moulded geometry excised always in white and iridescent shadow, and the desert-loving shapes of cactus and palm and agave—all these stamp the scene as African. The walls in the fields are topped with white, as if a sensuous toothpaste has been squeezed

radially into the distances over brown dry earth, here and there conglomerated into a house-cluster of slabbed square edibility, sometimes mounting to a white dome, always declaring its exact whiteness against earth and stone and the greens of carob and maize: transcended only slightly by the Spaniard, the white shadow of the old Caliphate hangs pure and hard.

Ciudadela is the most Spanish, and aristocratic, part of the island. Here are palaces built of carved buff stone, the mansions of the counts of Torresaura, of the marquesses of Albranca, Martorell and others. It is the episcopal see. Immense fortified walls slope up from the harbour, broad sandy squares lie above at the feet of silent churches and the dead-shuttered houses of a hot meridional town. A welcome shade is found at the town's centre in the traverse of arches called *Ses Voltes*—where the sun never reaches but which on one day of the year blaze loud with fireworks, as the *fiesta* crowds try to unseat the stallion-riders on San Juan's day, celebrated here on June 24. A spirited affair, it is the annual habit of these traditional horsemen to ride their horses into the houses—and Ciudadela comes very much alive.

Another unusual traditional body seen on the island is the Brotherhood of Centurions, masked and dressed in near-Roman military costume, who attend the Holy Week processions at Mahón along with the other more normally masked Brotherhoods. But long before the centurions came, long before the Carthaginians who gave Mahón its name after Mago the brother of Hannibal, there inhabited the island an Iberian people who have left behind them an unusual wealth of megalithic monument. Well-preserved uncemented stone erections shaped like ships, known as *Nauetas*, have been called either temples to Isis, or tombs, or positions of refuge; but their nature is still uncertain; and what seem to be stone altars, or parts of stone circles, the *taulas*, are most liberally scattered over the few Minorcan miles; and there are *talayots*, possibly watch-towers, sometimes rising to a height of fifty feet and somewhat resembling the Sardinian *nuraghi*. But the amount of these remains is considerable, and a discussion of their nature and mystery demands a proper archaeological account: suffice it to say that there are six hundred or more such constructions on Minorca and Majorca alone. More, after the millennia, than England has left after one hundred and fifty years: but, alas, they are dead—not so alive by half as a *glas gin* by a bow window.

Coins on and Beyond the Roman Frontiers

by PROFESSOR MICHAEL GRANT, O.B.E., Litt.D.

This is the last of three articles by Professor Grant of Edinburgh University in which he exemplifies the study of coins as an aid to the geographical interpretation of history, taking his illustrations from the coinage of Rome, the Empire and peripheral countries. He is President of the Royal Numismatic Society and his published works include Ancient History (Methuen, 1952), Roman Imperial Money (Nelson, 1954) and Roman Literature (Cambridge University Press, 1954)

IN my first article I tried to show how coins illustrate the growth of the Roman Empire; and last month I suggested how they indicate relationships, other than mere conquest and annexation, existing between the capital and the provinces. Here I want to pass to the remotest extremities of those provinces, the frontiers, and to point out that here too the coinage has much to tell us.

The great camps which guarded those frontiers are recalled by huge coin-finds, for instance at Novaesium (Neuss) and Vindonissa (Windisch) behind the Rhine. But beyond the frontiers themselves—especially the eastern frontiers—there often lay an intermediate zone of territories which were not Roman but were protected by Rome and, in turn, were expected to take a hand in imperial defence. To the Emperors their princes stood in a direct personal relationship, modelled on the system of 'clients' and 'patrons' which had for centuries dominated the social system in the capital itself.

One of the most remarkable client-kings of Augustus was Herod the Great, of Biblical infamy (40-4 B.C.). Under Roman protection, gaining great wealth, he ruled most of Israel and much of Jordan. "His power", writes A. H. M. Jones, "was based on his fortresses and his mercenary barbarian army, his secret police, and a centralized bureaucracy"—also upon the favour of Augustus, though Herod's cruelty and high-handedness to some extent forfeited that. Like other client-monarchs he issued coinage (Fig. 1). These ugly bronze pieces, with their tripod and palm-branch, are of historical importance not only because they were issued in the Temple at Jerusalem—which Herod rebuilt—but also because their inscriptions are not Hebrew but Greek. Herod was not a thorough-going Jew; his whole organization was based, like that of most other client-princes, on Hellenistic models.

In the Levant there was an important Arab as well as a Jewish client-kingdom, and relations between them were unfriendly. One of the things which nearly estranged Augustus from Herod was the latter's invasion of Arab territory. Fig. 2 shows the king (Obodas III) (c. 30-9 B.C.) and queen of these Arabs, who were called the Nabataei. As clients of Augustus they controlled the hinterland of Judaea as far up as Damascus, and also nearly all Sinai, and the Hejaz down almost to the 25th parallel. Unlike Herod, they place on their coinage inscriptions not in Greek, but in their native tongue, Aramaic. Like Herod, however, they feel outwardly independent enough to dispense with a mention of Augustus. Indeed, their coining of silver represents a gradation of larger autonomy. But their Vizier was needed when Augustus in 25 B.C. sent an expedition to Aden (Arabia Eudaemon). For the Roman luxury market greatly desired the frankincense and myrrh of the south Arabian State of Saba (Sheba). The incense road to the south, via Petra, Dedan and Medina, lay through the territory of the Nabataeans, and was guarded by their troops. Rome had its 'protected' Arabian chieftains just as Britain protects Trucial and Hadhramaut sheikhs today. But the Nabataeans became less important when Roman Egypt provided an alternative route.

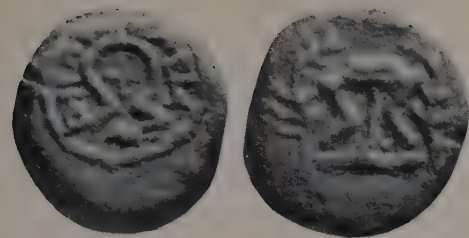
At the other (northern) extremity of Rome's frontiers in the east lay one of the most significant client-states—the kingdom of the Bosphorus. It commanded the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the strait which leads between Crimea and the Caucasus into the Sea of Azov, and was ruled by a semi-Iranian dynasty dependent on Rome. Rome needed its loyalty as a buffer against the savage Sarmatian and Scythian tribes along its borders, and as a hindrance to the possible domination of the Black Sea by the hereditary eastern enemy, Parthia. There was also a strong

economic reason. For this area was still the main source of corn-supplies for the cities of northern Asia Minor and even the Aegean; and when there were military operations on the Euphrates frontier, the legions depended on the Bosphorus for food. Its important client-monarchs were, exceptionally, allowed to coin gold (Fig. 3); though this sign of autonomy is counterbalanced by the appearance on them, not only of the local ruler, but of the Roman emperor—here it is Domitian with King Sauromates I of the Bosphorus (c. A.D. 93-6).

Augustus had cemented this kingdom's client status by repeated, wearisome, diplomatic efforts (backed by military threats). Certain of his other activities beyond the north-eastern frontiers are revealed by coin-

finds. One of his greatest and commonest coinages consisted of silver *denarii* with the figures of his grandsons (Fig. 4; 2 B.C.-A.D. 14). The elder of them, Gaius, was entrusted with one of the periodical attempts to settle the Armenian question, and the coins are found with quite extraordinary frequency not only in Soviet Armenia—the nucleus of that Armenian kingdom which was continually disputed between Rome and Parthia—but also north of it, in eastern Georgia. The reason can be discovered. For this area too was part of the Augustan *cordon sanitaire*. It contained the small kingdom of Iberia, patriarchal and somewhat simple, but the most advanced territory in the Caucasus. Here the motive for Roman interest does not appear to have been so much political—to





(Fig. 1) *The King of the Jews, Herod "the Great" (40-4 B.C.), coins under Roman protection. Tripod, palm-wreath; and Greek inscription. Bronze*



(Fig. 2) *Another client-prince, Obodas III of the Nabataean Arabs (c. 30-9 B.C.), is portrayed with his queen; he uses Aramaic. Silver*



(Fig. 3) *King Sauromates I of the Crimean Bosporus (c. A.D. 93-123) shows the head of the Emperor Domitian (A.D. 81-96) as well as his own. Gold*



(Fig. 4) *Augustus (2 B.C.-A.D. 14), "Son of a god, father of his country", hints at a dynasty by portraying his grandsons (C[aius et] L[ucius] CAESARES) on a huge and widely exported coinage. Gold (also silver)*



(Fig. 5) *Barbarous imitation of silver coin cf. Fig. 4. Region of find unknown*



(Fig. 6) *Barbarous imitation of silver coin cf. Fig. 4. Region of find unknown*



(Fig. 7) Justinus II of Byzantium (A.D. 565-578), imitation (?authorized) by Alboin, King of the Lombards (568-72). Gold



(Fig. 8) Justinus II, barbarous imitation by Alamanni. Gold



(Fig. 9) Augustus depicts the oak-wreath and laurel-branches voted to him by the senate, by which this coinage is authorized (S.C., senatus consulto, "by decree of the senate"). Moneyer: C. GALLIUS LVPERCVS. Brass (with medallion rim)



(Fig. 10) Augustus issues 'token' coinage for the West on a huge scale in copper (with his head) as well as brass. Moneyer: C. CASSIUS CELER



(Fig. 11) A barbarous imitation of a copper coin like Fig. 10. The moneyer's name, blundered, is C. PLOTIUS RUFUS



(Fig. 12) Tiberius (A.D. 14-37), described as Chief Priest (PONTIF[ex] MAXIM[us]). The figure combines the symbols of Peace and Justice. Gold (the silver counterpart is the New Testament "Tribute Penny")

have another bastion against Parthia—as economic. For Rome was at this time exceedingly eager, for the vast appetites of its rich, to secure silk; and of silk the Chinese Empire had a monopoly. In Yarkand (Sinkiang) and Tashkurghan (northern Afghanistan) middlemen exchanged Chinese silk for Roman precious stones, and came west down the Oxus valley. But then, to turn south of the Caspian, or even to cross the Caspian too far to the south and debouch into the valley of the Araxes (Aras), was to risk the intervention of the Parthians, who hated this trade between Rome and China. Further north, however, there was an alternative route across the Caucasus by the valley of the Cyrus (Kura), and then by road and another river to the Black Sea at Phasis (Poti), one day's sail from Trapezus (Trebizond). This route through the Caucasus passed straight through Iberia; and in my opinion that is partly why the Romans poured denarii into that little country—to make and keep it friendly. Eventually the Parthians seem to have closed this route too, and so the denarii of later epochs are far rarer. There were also Roman restrictions on the drain of bullion.

The gold and silver coins with the designs of Fig. 4 form a coinage of truly gigantic dimensions, almost a world currency. It is not easy to say where Augustus had minted the pieces which streamed into eastern Armenia and Iberia. One large mint for the series was Lugdunum (Lyons), but I believe that there may have been mints nearer at hand; there were many soldiers in Syria who had to be paid. Besides, the official output was augmented by local efforts. For, with or without approval, the denarii were widely imitated, with more or less barbaric technique, on and beyond a number of imperial frontiers (Figs. 5 and 6; and such imitations still occur five centuries later, Figs. 7 and 8).

These great issues of Augustus were supplemented by a vast network of 'token' issues which included the metals, unfamiliar for coinage, of brass (Fig. 9) and copper (Fig. 10). The attractive bright yellow and bright red colours of these two metals enabled him to issue them at values far above their intrinsic worth. His 'overheads' were particularly small in Cyprus, where he leased the working of the world-famous copper mines to Herod the Great (Fig. 1) on a fifty-fifty basis. He was in a position not to mind if communities here and there, even inside the Empire, issued imitations of his brass and copper currency (Fig. 11); this was a local perquisite

which he could not, or did not, suppress—perhaps not grudging it to them, any more than he grudged them 'token' currencies of their own with local designs.

In another even remoter region of the world beyond the frontiers, southern India, Augustus's denarii are again found in large quantities, and there are even more of his successor Tiberius (Fig. 12). In particular, these early imperial denarii are found in astonishing numbers, amounting to many hundreds, in one not very large area, Coimbatore, between Mysore and Travancore. Why? Partly, perhaps, because beryls were mined there: Roman women valued beryls and opals only less than diamonds (which they could rarely obtain) and emeralds—especially for earrings. But the most likely reason for the preponderance of Roman coins in this area is the cultivation of pepper. Pepper was an enormously prized item in the metropolitan diet. When Alaric sacked Rome nearly four centuries later, he demanded 3000 lbs of it; and it was because the Dutch raised the price of pepper that the British East India Company was founded. Now this was the richest spice-producing region of India, and the great Pepper Barns of Rome depended largely on the pepper estates which spread over the lower levels in all this region. Pliny, who cannot think why pepper is popular, realizes that it plays a principal part in the gigantic annual drain of Roman bullion to India—and 'bullion' is probably the right term for these coins, which surely changed hands as bullion rather than currency. As Sir Mortimer Wheeler has penetratingly remarked in his excellent book, *Rome Beyond The Imperial Frontiers*: "Amber, ivory, incense, pepper, silk were the mainsprings of Roman long-range trade." They bought their amber from free Germany, their ivory from Africa. I have already commented on their incense and silk in relation to Figs. 2 and 4; and Fig. 12, because of its find-sites, speaks of their pepper trade.

"By these five products", continues Sir Mortimer, "the principal routes and markets were determined." The route to South India can be reconstructed. Of its passage as far as the incense-country of southern Arabia, something has been said; to which it must be added that Aden contained very determined Arab and other middlemen. Their ships or convoys of ships, with archers to protect them, sailed straight across the Indian Ocean, thus avoiding coastal pirates, to Barygaza (Broach, Gujarat) in the north, and in the south

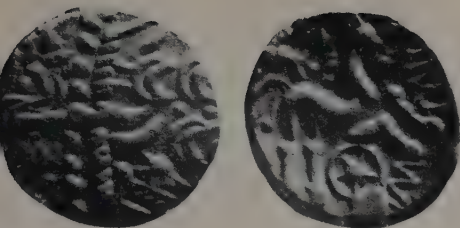
Muziris (Cranganore, the port of Coimbatore). The Westerners sometimes brought wine; and pepper was the most important of the cargoes that they took back. "If we can find the Temple of Augustus on the Malabar coast", says C. E. Stevens, "we shall think of St Francis Xavier at Goa"; and he sees in discoveries of Roman drinking-bowls the forerunners of Dutch clocks and English cutlasses.

Like European trade with India in the 17th century, this was "based on mutual advantage endorsed by Western prestige and sufficiently regulated to ensure continuity." At least three, perhaps four, embassies from India—including southern India—came to Augustus. They brought expensive presents. One of their principal aims was to facilitate the journeys of foreign traders in their country. Here there was evidently a difficulty in Coimbatore. For all these hoards to have been lost, conditions must have been troubled. There were three warring Tamil kingdoms, and there is a tradition that their frontiers met in this area. Moreover, the principal road from west to east passed through the Coimbatore 'gap'. It was tempting to bandits. Not only were there seekers after pepper and beryls, but Western business men interested in the trade of the Bay of Bengal

(including perhaps muslin) much preferred this land-route, whatever its dangers, to the circumnavigation of Cape Comorin. So perhaps some of the denarii were abandoned by harassed traders who were looking, or had looked, farther afield than the local products. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who excavated a remarkable commercial centre at the eastern extremity of this land-route (Arikamedu in Pondicherry), has pointed out that the monsoon was probably known to Romans before the end of Augustus's reign. The absence of later pieces is due to Roman restrictions on the drain of bullion and perhaps especially to a possible result of that drain, Nero's debasement of the silver coinage (*c.* A.D. 64), which is likely to have caused a *crise de confiance* in India.

Augustus possessed equally intricate relations with a country beyond the opposite extremity of his enormous frontiers. This was Britain—"the mysterious island beyond the World's end," it has been called, "with its mirage of yet more distant islands held in thrall." Administratively, Britain hung in the air. Caesar had twice invaded its south-eastern regions (55 and 54 B.C.), wanting military glory and the alleged mineral wealth of Britain. But he did not achieve conquest; nor, despite the forecasts and boastings of court poets, did anyone else for almost a





(Fig. 13) *Commius* (c. 52 B.C.- ?), King of the *Atrebates* and *Regni* in southern England. The cruciform pattern is an abstract Celtic rendering of a head. Gold, probably of *Sussex*



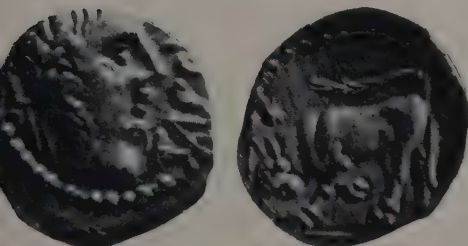
(Fig. 14) *Tincommius*. C.F. stands for C[onuni] F[ilius], Son of *Commius*. The design is of Roman inspiration. Gold



(Fig. 15) *Verica*, also CO[mmi] F[ilius]. The vine-leaf hints at imperial, Mediterranean trade. Roman engraver (?). Gold



(Fig. 16) *Eppillus*, of the *Commian* dynasty, calls himself *REX*, "client-king" of *Augustus*, and shows a Roman-looking eagle. His mint is *CALLE[va]* (*Silchester*). Bronze



(Fig. 17) *Tasciovanus*, king and architect of the northern Belgic kingdom of the *Catuvellauni*. The bull is imitated from gold and silver pieces of *Augustus* (15-12 B.C.). *Verulamium* (*St Albans*). Silver



(Fig. 18) *Cunobelinus* (c. A.D. 5/10-40/3), son of *Tasciovanus* (*TASC[io-vani]* F[ilius]) and ruler of most of south-eastern Britain, places his own portrait on coinage. Bronze



(Fig. 19) Cunobelinus depicts the native ear of corn in preference to the southern vine-leaf. The mint-mark is CAMV[*lodunum*] (Lexden, near Colchester). Gold



(Fig. 20) Carausius, usurper in Britain (A.D. 287-93), portrays, at C[*laudentum*] (Bitterne, near Southampton), Diocletian and Maximian as his colleagues: "the Peace of the three Augustuses" (PAX AVGGG.). Silvered bronze



(Fig. 21) Carausius ventures (like emperors at Rome) to claim "the Revival of the Roman People" (ROMA AVO[rum] RENOVAT[io])



(Fig. 22) Allectus (A.D. 293-6), before succumbing to Rome, celebrates Peace and "the Courage of Allectus Augustus" (VIRTVS ALLECTI AVG[usti]) at London (M[*oneta*] L[*ondinensis*]). Silvered bronze



(Fig. 23) Magnus Maximus (A.D. 383-8), invading the Continent from Britain, describes himself at A[*ugusta*] TR[*evirorum*] (Trier) as "The Restorer of the State" (RESTITVTOR REIPVBLICAE). His standard contains the Christian symbol. Gold



(Fig. 24) Constantine III (A.D. 407-11), another 'usurper' from Britain, refers tactfully at AR[*elate*] (Arles) to the "Victory of the three reigning Augusti" (VICTORI[a] AVGGG.). Gold

century. Meanwhile, among several independent coining authorities, two kingdoms ruled by Belgae—recent immigrants from across the Channel—were prominent. One of these comprised tribes in and around Sussex, Hampshire and Berkshire—the Regni (though this name may be of later origin) and Atrebatas. The first inscribed coins, perhaps of Sussex, show the name of Commius (Fig. 13). He imitates the coin-types of northern France, for he had fled from that country after defeat by Caesar (52 B.C.).

His son Tincommius, however, borrowed a type from Roman coinage. His position suggests that modern counterpart, the economic client. This was not quite 'banana imperialism'; but Strabo soon afterwards writes of the British export to Rome of corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, hides, slaves and hunting hounds, exchanged for jewels, glass and other factory products. Augustus imposed lucrative customs dues. As in Parthia, he preferred the sensible, unromantic method to imperialist adventures; and he felt he could best control Britain by creating in it a balance of power. However, Tincommius was apparently regarded as a quisling by his compatriots, for he fled to Rome. But Augustus formed even closer relations with his successors Verica (Fig. 15) and Eppillus (Fig. 16). Verica shows the southward-looking design of a vine-leaf, while Eppillus, coining at CALLE [va] (Silchester), displays the title King (REX), which is believed to indicate that he regarded himself as a sort of client of Rome.

But these southern kingdoms were inferior in strength and ferocity to the more northern Belgic kingdom of the Catuvellauni. This coined first (apparently) at Wheathampstead—until Caesar, overcoming unexpected chariots, sacked it—and then at Verulamium (St Albans). The monarch who coined here in Augustan times, Tasciovanus (Fig. 17), is unknown to history, but is proved by coin-finds to have ruled over a large territory—from the borders of the southern kingdom (and of a smaller Kentish state) to the Cherwell and the Nene or Welland. Only the Iceni in East Anglia stood out; but the Trinovantes in Essex were at least temporarily



A. J. Thornton

in his hands (though Caesar had forbidden the Catuvellauni to suppress them), as a few coins labelled CAMV [lodunum] (Lexden, near Colchester) reveal.

Lexden was the capital and mint of Tasciovanus' son and successor, the great Cunobelinus (c. A.D. 5-10 to 40-43) (Figs. 18, 19)—Shakespeare's Cymbeline, the only ancient monarch who lived on in British tradition; he was celebrated by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Cunobelinus is REX—a Roman writer calls him "Rex Britanniarum"—yet now not in token of client-status, but rather in indirect defiance of Rome. His coins show corn: the Trinovantes largely produced this leading export. Cunobelinus controlled them—and indeed all south-east Britain except for the Iceni and Regni; and "cross-channel trade", observes Wheeler, "littered his squalid huts at Colchester with fine Arretine dishes" (named after their production-centre Arezzo in central Italy), and brought silver goblets to pre-Claudian Welwyn. He never made peace with Rome. But he did not provoke war—unlike his son Caratacus, who thereby brought defeat upon himself and annexation on his country (A.D. 43-8).

We must pass over quarter of a millennium before we again find independent rulers in southern England, and then for less than a decade. The first was Carausius, a humbly

born officer from the Low Countries then commanding a fleet in the Channel (c. A.D. 287). He declared himself Emperor when the Western ruler, Diocletian's colleague Maximian, suspected him. Carausius defeated Maximian (c. A.D. 290) and coined in the names of all three (Fig. 20), though his 'colleagues' never reciprocated. This piece was perhaps issued at C[laesentum] (Bitterne, near Southampton). Other mints were established at his capital London (Fig. 21)—and perhaps also at Rotomagus (Rouen), since Carausius for a time controlled parts of northern France, where coin-finds show the extent and limits of his influence. But he lost these outposts, and was murdered by his finance minister Allectus (A.D. 293-6), whose coin (Fig. 22) bears the mint-mark of London, M[oneta] L[ondinensis]. But Allectus soon succumbed to the central authority.

In the following century another governor or commander of our island, this time a Spaniard Magnus Maximus, tried to do what Carausius could not—to invade the continent and capital from Britain. His coin (Fig. 23) shows that he made progress, for its mint-mark is of A[ugusta] TR [evirorum] (Trier), a great legionary camp on the Moselle. After five years he was killed at Aquileia in northern Italy (A.D. 388). As Kipling imaginatively recorded in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, withdrawals of troops tended to weaken Hadrian's Wall. But though north-western England was denuded of garrisons, the Wall was not at once abandoned, for coins of Arcadius (A.D. 395-408) have been found close to it, for example at Heddon-on-the-Wall; another coin of Arcadius, issued at Antioch in Syria, was discovered in a cave near Cheddar. It has been suggested by Dr J. P. C. Kent that the Roman government ceased to pay its functionaries in Britain at the end of the 4th century, and that later pieces were brought in by travellers from the mainland of Europe. At all events, more troops left when another usurper, Constantine III (A.D. 407-11) made a similar attempt on the continent (Fig. 24); and a subsequent reoccupation—perhaps from c. 417 to 430—may not have extended beyond the south-east. Though no single

date is determinable—there was no sudden nation-wide transition—these were the decades in which the Roman epoch of Britain, so strangely illuminated by its coinages, had come to an end.

In these three articles I have tried to show that an understanding of the designs and distribution of coins can add greatly to our knowledge of many lands. I have illustrated my argument from within and beyond the frontiers of the Roman Empire. What the coins tell us is what the government wanted its millions of subjects to believe and think. No Emperor was without his emphatic assertions and aspirations concerning Rome's mission and destiny, and his own part in them, and none failed to make them known in this uniquely convenient medium.

And so their coins show, above all (with an occasional jarring note from rebels and separatists), the stages, methods and policies by which the frontiers were, or were alleged to be, extended and stabilized. But more humane and sophisticated times needed subtler propaganda: accordingly we see the Emperor as subsidizer, food-provider, builder, visitor and spokesman to the gods. Sometimes his messages on his coins were simple, for all to understand; sometimes they were adapted, with patiently devised nuances, to the bewilderingly different cultures and societies of the Empire. And far away across the frontiers we see his puppet princes and recover, in coin-finds, the imperial gold and silver that flowed into their remote capitals. Finally, both in these finds of imperial coinage and in the coinage of Rome's licensed and unlicensed imitators, we can trace evidence of the channels through which, and the sources from which, the Roman market exerted an effective demand for the products of distant lands—even across the Indian Ocean.

Thus the coins reveal in enduring and dramatic form a whole complex of international relationships: military, diplomatic, administrative and economic. I submit that the study of coins as an expression of such relationships is of vital concern to all who are interested in geography.

The author wishes to acknowledge his gratitude to the following for the illustrations: British Museum: Figs. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. P. H. Webb, Roman Imperial Coinage, Vol. V, Part 2: Figs. 20, 21, 22. Messrs Glendining and Co., H. P. Hall sale I, 1950: Fig. 9; id. II, 1950: Figs. 23, 24. Münzhandlung Basel sale X, 1938: Figs. 7, 8. Ashmolean Museum, Oxford: Fig. 10. Messrs Naville & Cie., Vautier Collignon sale, Geneva, 1922: Fig. 4

The Story of Beer

II. The Rise of the English Brewing Trade

by BRIAN SPILLER

Mr Spiller's first two articles deal with the origin of beer and brewing in different countries, their social relationships and the influence on them in England of similar activities elsewhere. His third article will describe modern brewing, with its complicated, scientific and rigidly controlled processes, as well as the varying social status of our English pubs and drinking habits

Just as the hotel derives from the mediaeval inn, so the pub grew up from the village ale-house. The first supplied board and lodging to travellers, the second ale and companionship to those in its immediate neighbourhood. Prosperous villagers brewed for their own needs, but the alehouse was the social centre of small communities. Here the villagers, male and female, whiled away the evenings with drinking, parlour games, story-telling and argument. Here too they could blow off steam when the mood took them. This usually took the form of steady tipping or dancing: activities denounced by black-browed moralists as diversions from church-going and generally tending to sin. More specifically, tipping was associated in puritanical minds with bawdy songs and lewd conversation, dancing with "uncleyn kys-synges, clippynges and other unhoneſt handel-ynges". But however loud the thunder from the pulpit, the common people, then as now, looked on the alehouse as a refuge from the daily round, a source of companionship and a convenient safety-valve.

The monotony of the labourer's existence was periodically relieved by the convivial feastings known as "church ales". These were kept on holy-days under ecclesiastical auspices, usually in the church house or the churchyard, occasionally in the church itself, and were one of the chief sources of church revenue until the Reformation. Two wardens were appointed to collect malt for brewing and corn for baking from the parishioners, who obligingly bought it back again, at a considerable profit to the church, on the festive day. Church ales were often accompanied by all the fun of the mediaeval fair: sports, morris-dancing, music, mystery plays, fools and minstrels. No doubt there were occasions when the proceedings were boisterous rather than decorous. One of our senior historians, Mr L. F. Salzmänn, draws a parallel with a less robust age by pointing

out that church ales were "in principle not unlike the refreshment stalls at church bazaars, but conducive to greater gaiety".

Besides the generic church ale, there were ales of a specialized kind: May Ales, usually held on May Day, and attended by morris-dancing or a "Robyn Hodde gaderynge"; Whitsun Ales, starring a Whitsun Lord and Lady; King Ales, where a King and Queen presided over sports, sometimes accompanied by the King Play, the story of the Three Kings of Cologne; Cuckoo Ales, apparently a Spring festival, held under the auspices of a Cuckoo King and Prince; Easter, Hock-tide, Midsummer and Hallowmass Ales, Christmas Lord Ales, ales kept at Lent, Corpus Christi, Palm Sunday and the feast of the church's dedication. Outside the realm of the church there were Bride Ales, held to defray wedding expenses; Lamb Ales, kept at shearing-time; Scythe Ales, given when mowing was over; Bid Ales, general benefit parties; and—less happy occasions—Scot Ales, entertainments given by the Lord of the Manor to his tenants in villeinage, all of whom were obliged to attend, bringing their scot or fixed contribution in kind.

Mediaeval people drank ale with every meal; it was well that they did, for the water supply was seldom pure. The twin staples of diet were bracketed together, for the purpose of fixing their price and quality, by the Assizes of Bread and Ale set up in the reign of Henry III. The Assizes were no doubt prompted by popular clamour. In the hungry Middle Ages the chief purveyors were universally suspected of adulteration, overcharging and giving short measure. The author of *Piers Plowman* demands the pillory for

Brewesters and baksters,
Bochiers and cokes,
For these are men on this molde,
That moost harm wercheth
To the povere peple.

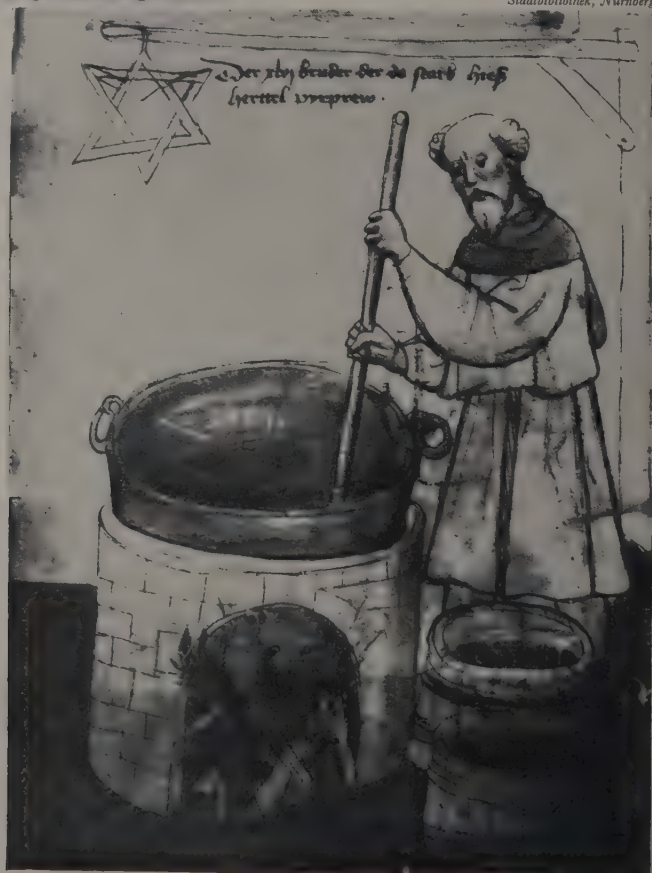


(Left) A mediaeval taverner, from a manuscript of Boccaccio. (Below) A German brew-house at the end of the 14th century. For nearly 900 years hops have been used in brewing in Germany. In England their use has only been popular for half that time, hopless ale in its various local forms being regarded as the truly national drink. In days when water supplies were far from pure, ale, and later beer, was consumed with every meal and the brewing of it was an important part of the daily life of the countries of northern Europe.

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Ale-wives flourished in England from Saxon times until the 17th century. In Henry VIII's day the poet Skelton wrote of one in vivid detail: the unprepossessing Eleanor Rummyng (right) who brewed a "noppie ale" in Leatherhead. Her face was "wondrously wrinkled, lyke a rost pigges eare, bristled wyth here"; as can be seen in the woodcut. (Below) By the 16th century commercial brewing had been established on a scale unknown outside the monasteries a century or two earlier, but the customers were still expected to fetch it for themselves



Picture Post Library



"Brewster" is the feminine form. Brewing was one of the few trades dominated by women, so sexual jealousy may have contributed to the ale-wives' unpopularity; still, the court records show that they were constant offenders. Strict observance of the laws being difficult, it was more profitable to infringe them and pay a fine. For example, the law decreed that ale should be sold only in standard measures stamped by an official, but customers defeated their own interests by bringing household jugs to the alehouse. This practice encouraged the low cunning of such ale-wives as Alice Causton, who in 1364 filled up the bottom of a quart measure with pitch, concealed by sprigs of rosemary, for which she had to "play bopepe thorowe a pillery". For all that, there must have been thousands of honest brewers. Because they did not come into court, their names are unrecorded, unless they became known in other fields; for example, Margery Kempe, the mystic, or, in a later period, the saintly mother of Oliver Cromwell.

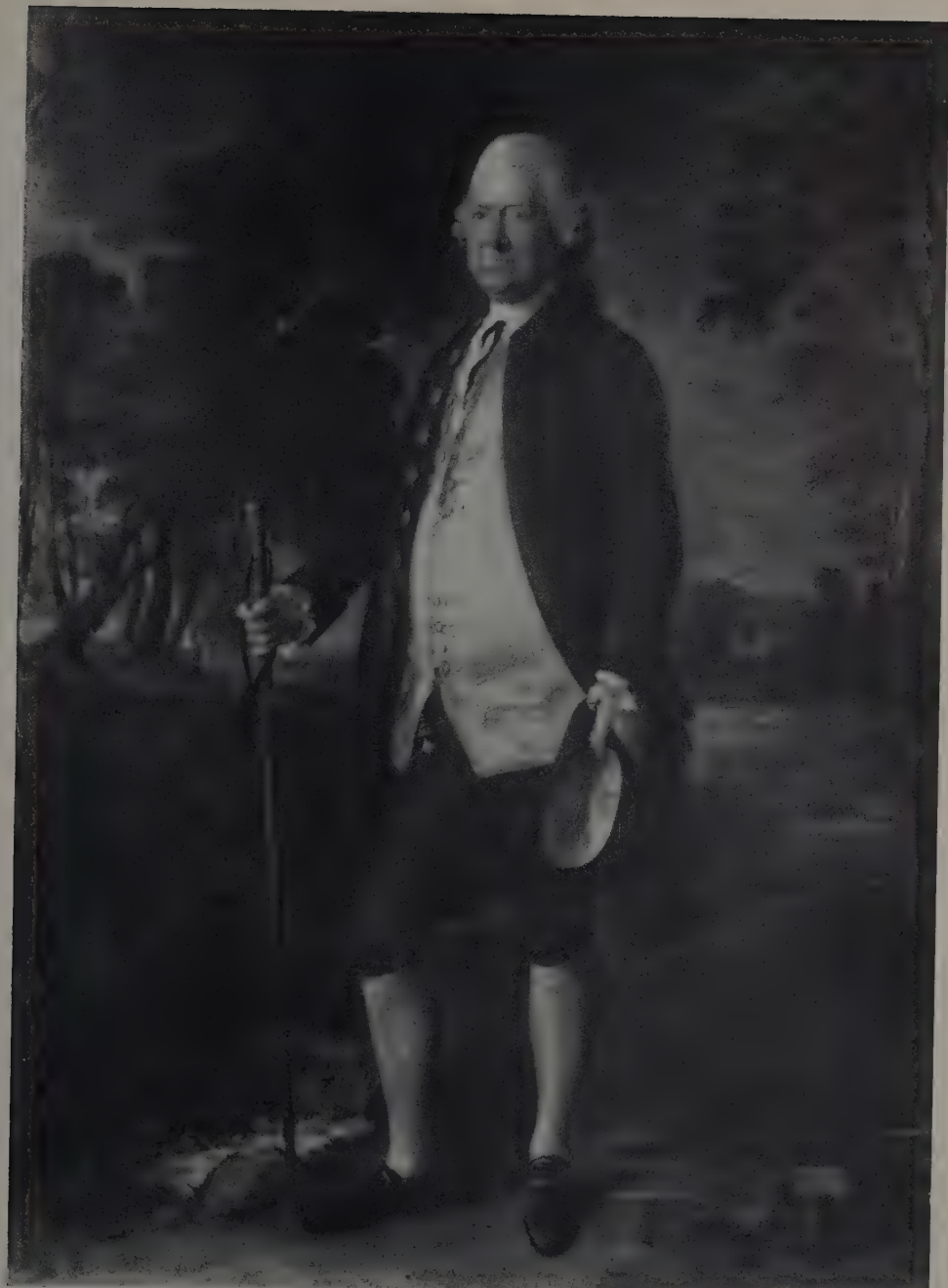
Assize decisions were announced by public proclamation. Thus in one year the London brewers were commanded to sell a gallon of best ale for three-halfpence and a gallon of weaker ale at a penny—and no more; and, as a final flourish, "that they make and brew as good ale, or better, as they were wont". Enforcement of the Assize was carried out by officials called ale-conners. At Worcester the mediaeval ale-conner's instructions read: "You shall resort to every brewer's house within this city on their tunning day and there to taste their ale, whether it be good and wholesome for man's body, and whether they make it from time to time according to the price fixed. So help you God."

The ale of mediaeval England was a sweet drink. Beer—the word does not occur in Chaucer or *Piers Plowman*—was a different product, distinguished by its flavouring of hops. Hopped beer did not make its first appearance in England until the end of the 14th century. It had long been drunk in Northern Germany, where the use of hops in brewing was first recorded in 1070: every town had its own speciality, the bock beer of Einbeck being the most celebrated. Some time after 1300 the Hanseatic merchants of Danzig and Hamburg began to export beer on an increasing scale to the Low Countries. Fifteen years later the Hollanders were brewing their own beer; and from about 1380 onwards the brewers of Amsterdam, Haarlem and other towns invaded the English market. No doubt the large foreign colonies were their

earliest customers, but over a very long period the conservative English rallied to the new drink. By 1418 Henry V's army besieging Rouen was cheered by the arrival from London of 300 tuns of beer and 200 of ale.

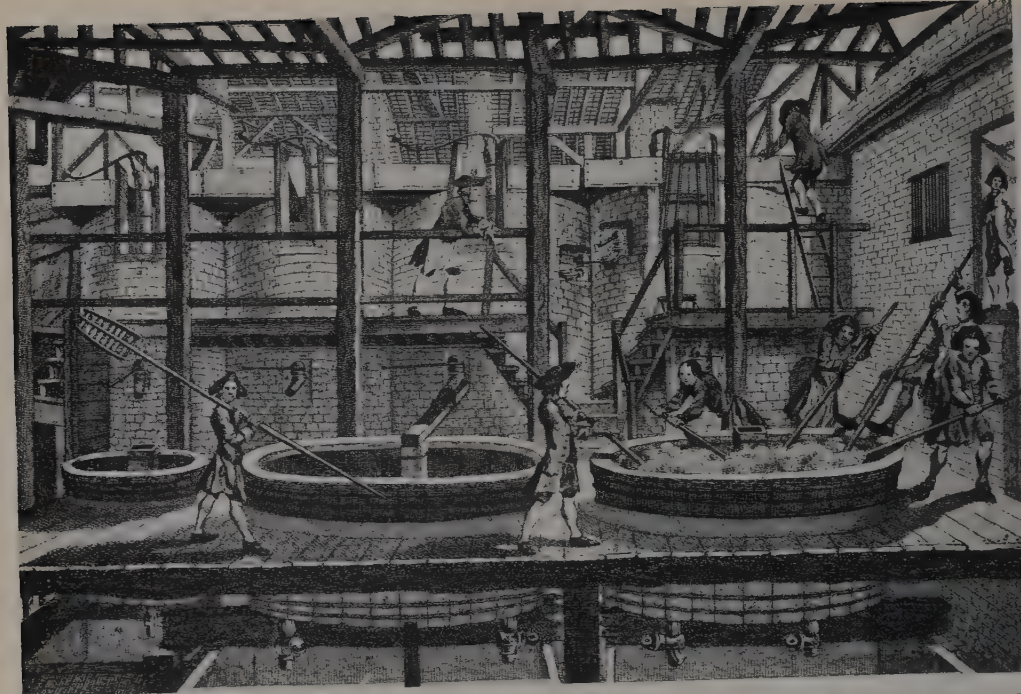
Meanwhile the wars spelled ruin to the Netherlands brewers, who depended on imports of corn and fuel. Within the next generation, immigrants from Holland and Zeeland set up as brewers in England. For another two hundred years the ale-brewers fought a desperate battle to retain their market, playing on English prejudices against foreigners and putting out propaganda against "that wicked and pernicious weed, hops". Though Henry VI, in a royal writ of 1436, commended the new drink "called bierre" as "notable, healthy and temperate", it made slow headway. By 1549 it ranked with the traditional drinks in Coke's *Debate between the Heralds of England and France*: "Item, for your wyne, we have good-ale, bere, metheghelen, sydre, and pirry, beyng more holse beverages for us then your wyne, which maketh your people dronken, also prone to all fylthy pleasures and lustes." Yet in the same period a pioneer of dietetics, Andrew Boorde, was crying up ale and damning beer—"a naturall drynke for a Dutche man. And nowe of late dayes it is moche used in Englande to the detryment of many Englysshe men; specyally it killeth them the which be troubled with the colycke & the stone & the strangulion; for the drynke is a colde drynke; yet it doth make a man fat, and doth inflate the bely, as it doth apper by the Dutche mens faces and belyes." And though all beer was bad, not all ale was good: Boorde thought Welsh ale merely "competent", Scots ale "evil" (except at Leith) and Cornish ale "starke noughte, lokyngye whyte & thicke, as pygges had wrestled in it." But by 1577, the Reverend William Harrison (who speaks with authority, for his household brewed 200 gallons a month) could dismiss the old ale as "thick, fulsome and of no such continuance" as beer. No doubt it had been discovered that the resinous constituents of hops made the weaker brews keep longer in warm weather. And in 1598 Paul Hentzner, a German traveller in England, reports that "the general drink is beer, which is prepared from barley, and is excellently well tasted, but strong and what soon fuddles."

The very names of the malt liquors listed by Harrison are an indication of their strength: "Dragon's Milk", "Mad Dog", "Angels' Food", "Father Whoreson", "Go-by-the-Wall" and others even less edifying.



By courtesy of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., Ltd

Behind the growth of the brewing trade in the 18th century was the drive and acumen of men like Sir Benjamin Truman, the image of prosperity in his Gainsborough setting



By courtesy of Whitbread & Co., Ltd



By courtesy of the Bristol Brewery, Georges & Co., Ltd



Illustrated London News

The rise of the brewing industry which began in 1608 was due in part to the growth of the population of great cities—in particular London—and additional impetus was given to it by the introduction of porter in 1722. Brewing methods were not materially different from the old ones; more capital and bigger equipment were the chief means of enlarging the scale of production. There was, however, one notable change: the beer was now delivered to the customers and brewers' drays with their sturdy horses became a familiar sight that has not yet entirely disappeared from the street scene despite increasing mechanization. (Opposite, top) An 18th-century brewhouse. (Opposite, bottom) Georges' Bristol Porter Brewery in 1788. (Above) The storage vats of Barclay Perkins' Anchor Brewery, Southwark. (Right) Brewers' draymen in 1805





Property of Arthur Guinness & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd

The annual output of 100,000 barrels that Dr Johnson foresaw as a possibility for Thrale is a drop in the brewing ocean compared with the present production of Guinness's huge brewery at Park Royal. Today the beer duty yields some £240,000,000 to the Exchequer—much more in a good year

The same author asserts that the March beer served at noblemen's tables "is commonly a year old, or peradventure of two years' tunning or more, but this is not general." It must have been of a noble gravity. At the other end of the scale there was single beer, though we know what some of Shakespeare's characters thought of that. "Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?" the future Henry V jocularly enquires, whereupon Poins answers, "Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition"; Jack Cade proposed to make its brewing a felony. But the Tudor government, at once animated by the moral zeal of the Protestant Reformers and fearful of the alehouses as potential nurseries of disaffection, took a graver view. In 1552 it had passed a statute (5 and 6 Edward VI, c. 25) which marks the effective beginning of liquor licensing. "Forasmuch", the grim preamble runs, "as intolerable hurts and troubles to the Commonwealth of this Realm doth daily grow and increase through such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common Ale-houses and other houses called Tipling-

houses . . ." And so it was enacted that any two Justices of the Peace, of whom one must be of a recognized seniority, should have power to forbid the sale of ale and beer wherever they saw fit, and that nobody might keep an alehouse without a Justices' licence. In the next year control was extended to taverns, that is, wine-houses.

By Jacobean times, according to the well-informed Fynes Moryson, intemperance had much abated: "in generall the greater and better part of the English hold all excesse blameworthy and drunkennesse a reproachfull vice." What he calls "the custome of the Germans large garaussing" continued undiminished in the land of its origin, where brewing was "more commodious than any other trafficke". "The English Beere", Moryson reports, "is famous in Netherland" (so much so that the brewers of Delft made a counterfeit, "Delphs English") while "the Cities of Lower Germany upon the Sea forbid the publike selling of English Beere, to satisfie their own brewers, yet privately swallow it like Nectar." As it happened, the proud trade of the North German brewers—so far-

flung that in the previous century it had brought the words *bière* into French and *birra* into Italian—was soon to be crippled by the Thirty Years' War. But the shrewd dukes of Bavaria had not forgotten the good times, and under their patronage the German brewing industry reached a new level of achievement in the south.

In Stuart England every locality still did its own brewing. The character of the brew must have varied widely with local taste and the quality of the water and barley supply. "There are a hundred and a hundred Sorts of Beer made in England", a French traveller called Misson noted, "—and some of them not bad." Others were distinctly eccentric. Here is a recipe for "Dr Butler's Purging Ale":

Take Polypody of the Oak, and Sena, of each two Ounces, of Sarsaparilla, an Ounce; Anni-seeds, and Carraway-seeds of each half an Ounce; of Scurvy-Grass, a Peck; Agrimony, and Maiden Hair, of each half a Handful: Beat all these easily, and put them in a coarse Canvas-Bag, and hang them in a Gallon and a half of Ale, and in three Days Time you may drink it.

A few types earned something more than a local reputation. The ancient fame of Burton ale was based on the gypsum in the local water, but for a long time Burton's noble product did not penetrate beyond Derby. Under the disguise of "Derby Ale" it was praised by Camden and Moryson as the best in England, and as such it was introduced to London in 1623. Dorchester or Dorset Ale was also drunk by Londoners before the Hanoverians came in. But as a rule it seldom paid to transport so bulky and cheap a commodity for more than a few miles. Farmers and country gentlemen brewed their own beer (or cider in the West); most townsmen bought from a common brewer or a brewing victualler. Until about 1700, a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* later recalled, beer was "mostly fetched from the Brewhouse by the customers themselves and paid for in ready money so that the Brewer entertained but few servants, fewer horses, and had no stock of beer or ale by him, but a trifling quantity of casks and his money returned before he paid either his duty or his malt."

This pattern of trade was revolutionized between 1680 and 1750. London, where a tenth of the national population lived within reach of a single brewery's drays, offered an unparalleled opportunity for expansion. The advantages of large-scale production soon became obvious to the common brewers or wholesalers. "Brewing on a larger scale", to

quote Mr Peter Mathias, the authority on this period, "was a question, in the main, of increasing the size of the utensils, planning their relative positions and using them more intensively"; though as trade expanded there was need for capital to build bigger premises, to pay for more horses, more casks, more storage room, for ready cash and credit. The impetus to brewing on an industrial scale was given by the introduction of porter in 1722. Harwood, who invented it, had small success as a marketer, but once the secret was known other brewers sold vast quantities. Plainly this dark beer, completely fermented and stored for several months in vat, was intrinsically suited to large-scale production. In 1758, according to one Jackson, "beer, commonly call'd Porter, is almost become the universal Cordial of the Populace"; that is, in London. In the country at large, at least twelve other types of malt liquor were brewed. Barnard's *Noted Breweries* lists them as "Brown Stout; Reading Beer, much praised; Amber Beer, or two-penny, a pleasant wholesome beer, usually drunk warm in the winter-time; London Ale, the most delicate of all; Windsor Ale, a liquor brewed for winter use; Welch Ale, the most luscious and richly flavoured of any; Wirtemberg Ale; Hock, a beer that had a great run for many years; Scurvy-Grass Ale, said to be a great purifier of the blood; Table Beer, a family beverage; and Shipping Beer, sold for the use of hay-makers and workhouses." But it was on the sale of porter that the great "capital brewhouses" were founded. Samuel Whitbread raised his output from 18,000 barrels in 1742 to 60,000 barrels by 1760, second only to Calvert & Seward, and closely followed by Truman. The competition between brewers was intense. Thrale's one ambition in life was "to outbrew Whitbread"; and Dr Johnson, though critical of this obsession, identified himself with the Thrale interest. "We are not far", he wrote in 1777, "from the great year of 100,000 barrels, which, if 3s. be gained on each barrel, will bring us £15,000 a year." But ten years later Whitbread was top of the list with 150,000 barrels, and when in 1796 he died, production stood at 202,000 barrels. "I will observe," he wrote to his son about the business, "Viz. That your Father has raised it, from a very small beginning and by great assiduity in a very long course of years even 50 years, and with the highest credit in every View by honest and fair dealings."

Thrale was already dead, of an apoplectic fit brought on by persistent over-eating. He



The social history of public houses is an interesting tale with many ups and downs. (Above) When Rowlandson depicted the celebrated Dr Syntax 'wetting his whistle' in a country inn it was the landlord's kitchen that he drew. Beer-drinking was then, as now, a companionable affair, but the doctor's surroundings were indecorous and primitive. (Left) Victorian public houses though more elaborate were, nevertheless, often scenes of squalor and drunkenness, calling to themselves the overdue attention of reformers of every degree. Today the 'local' has acquired a dignified respectability with which few can find fault. Family parties (opposite), unheard-of in Leech's day, are able to enjoy each other's company and a glass of beer with the utmost propriety

left no sons, so the brewery was put up for auction. This was the auspicious occasion when Johnson, asked what was the true value of the assets, revealed his talent for salesmanship: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice." As Mrs Thrale piously noted in her diary: "God Almighty sent us a knot of rich Quakers, who bought the whole"; whereupon she gratefully retired from "the frauds, follies and inconveniences of a commercial life" into the waiting arms of Signor Piozzi. The new owners were Robert Barclay, Sylvanus Bevan, and John Perkins, Thrale's manager, who had married a Bevan heiress. They belonged to a clan that embraced the banking families of Barclay, Bevan, Gurney and Lloyd, whose investable resources were no doubt available to them for further expansion, or to tide over a year of bad harvests when malt and hops fetched fancy prices. By 1813 the partnership had achieved the prize that eluded Thrale: Barclay Perkins were outbrewhing all others with over 300,000 barrels.

The second Samuel Whitbread, better known as a Whig parliamentarian, had also

taken a banker into partnership. Other families—the Hanburys and Hoares in London, the Lacons in Yarmouth—had one foot in brewing and the other in banking. Brewers knew the truth of the lesson impressed by Sir Benjamin Truman on his grandson: "There can be no other way of building up a great Fortune but by carrying on an Extensive Trade"; but they also knew that wealth was best maintained by ploughing back profits and by attracting fresh capital for expansion. And expand they did. Home brewing and brewing by victuallers were on the way out. In 1821 a vehement upholder of home brewing, William Cobbett, attributed the decline to the "paper money", the hops tax and the increased malt tax. "These have quite changed the customs of the English people as to their drink. They still drink beer, but in general it is of the brewing of common brewers, and in public houses, of which the common brewers have become the owners." The Free Trade party, whose gospel was unrestricted individual enterprise, was alarmed by the porter brewers' dominance of the market, and not least by the practice of "tying" public houses to their own trade. So

Terence Wilson



the great panacea of "free trade in ale and alehouses" was embodied in the Beerhouse Act of 1830, which allowed any householder, on paying two guineas to the Excise, to open a beer-shop without a Justices' licence. The immediate result was an increase in drunkenness and a flip to the trade in ale. The prosperity of the porter brewers was unimpaired:

"I will not conceal from you, my dear Mr Copperfield", said Mrs Micawber, "that I have long felt the Brewing business to be particularly adapted to Mr Micawber. Look at Barclay, Perkins! Look at Truman, Hanbury and Buxton! It is on that extensive footing that Mr Micawber, I know from my own knowledge of him, is calculated to shine; and the profits, I am told, are e-NOR-mous! But if Mr Micawber cannot get into those firms—which decline to answer his letters, when he offers his services even in an inferior capacity—what is the use of dwelling upon that idea? None."

Porter, also called "brown stout" or "Entire", still accounted for three-quarters of the London trade in 1863. Seven years earlier George Dodd, author of *The Food of London*, had summed up the field: "The genuine unadulterated London beer, the brown stout, is clearly a special beverage. One drinker may prefer London ale, another the Burton productions of Bass or Allsopp, another the almost overcloying Edinburgh ale, another the ale of Suffolk or Winchester, of Alton or Llangollen, another the bottled stout of the famous Guinness, but the real London brown stout differs from them all and has its resolute defenders and admirers." But by 1899 no more than a quarter of the beer sold in London was porter: ale had regained the allegiance of the working man.

In the early decades of the century ale had been largely an upper-class drink. Hodgson of the Bow Brewery, Middlesex, specialized in brewing India Ale from the latter part of the 18th century, and had virtually established a branded name in the trade; Barclay's began to brew a little India ale in 1799, Whitbread's not until 1834. Burton-on-Trent became the ale-brewers' capital largely by accident. The Burton brewers had found it cost less to convey beer by river and canal to Hull, thence by sea to St Petersburg, than to send it by road to London. But in 1822 the Russian trade was killed by a prohibitive tariff. Lacking a market for the strong, sweet, highly coloured beer they had brewed for the Tsar and his subjects, the Burton brewers switched production to a lighter, bitter drink, suitable for easing the white man's burden in India. It was not the first time that they had brewed

something like India Pale Ale, but now they set out deliberately to copy Hodgson's product, a thing they had not apparently done before. And because of the properties of the local water, they were able to brew it better than Hodgson himself. By 1830 a Burton brewer, Salt, was the largest exporter of East India Ale, and was selling well on the home market too. But it was not until the railway link to London was opened in 1839 that the golden years of Burton began. In that year Bass's output was 20,000 barrels; by 1864 it was 400,000 barrels, and in their centenary year, 1877, almost a million barrels. Twelve years later, in the period when brewing partnerships were being converted into joint stock companies, Bass was outranked only by Guinness of Dublin, "the largest and most renowned brewery in Europe", being followed by Allsopp's, Truman's and Barclay's, in that order.

The 20th century has seen an acceleration of the tendency towards ever lighter, sweeter, more brilliant beers. The average alcoholic content has fallen from 5 or 6 per cent to about 3 or 4. Public taste has been powerfully influenced by the Treasury; for the rate of duty increases sharply with the higher gravities. Taxation has swollen to monstrous proportions: one farthing per pint of average gravity in 1900, 2½d. in 1938, 8½d. today. Assuming the average pint to cost 1s. 4d. (against 2d. in 1900) the duty represents 53 per cent of the retail price. Yet in 1954 United Kingdom brewers produced 23,860,000 barrels, from which a presumably grateful Chancellor reaped £242,000,000 in duty. In spite of the greater variety of ways in which the citizen spends his pocket-money, annual consumption is still as high as 19 gallons per head. No doubt the explanation lies in the increase in the numbers of moderate drinkers. Convictions for drunkenness have diminished by four-fifths; the heavy toper is an almost extinct animal. His place at the bar has been taken by eminently "respectable" customers: the comfortably-off and women of all classes. In the Victorian age these people might not have drunk beer at all, and would certainly not have been seen dead in a pub. Though the number of "brewers for sale" has fallen from about six thousand in 1900 to five hundred today, the survivors cater for a vastly wider market. This entails greater variations in taste and habits, and thus more specialization; about 3000 different brands are on sale. Sydney Smith's saying still holds good: "What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?"